

# Hox

Vol. VI

JUNE, 1933

No. 3

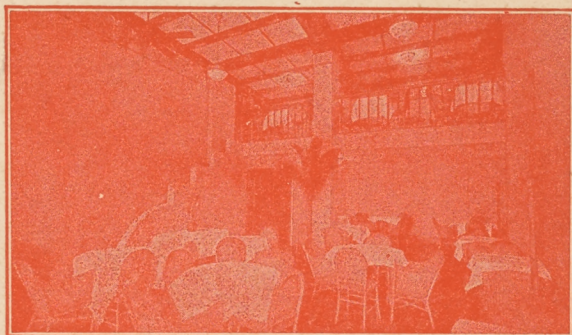
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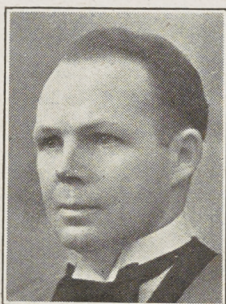
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# VOX

Vol. VI

JUNE, 1933

No. 3

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1932-33

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# EDITORIAL

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## *Forward United*

T is usual to say it, and the phrase is hackneyed beyond redemption, but nevertheless this year it happens to be true—we have passed through an epoch-making year. The institutions known by the unimaginative name of the United Colleges have reached another significant milestone in their history. It would be tedious to review the events of the past year—they are still vividly in our minds—we can only regret that more vision was not brought to the task of reconstruction. We had hoped for a Federated University in Manitoba after the model of Toronto, but we are put off with a reconstituted Board of Governors. However, in spite of this, it may not be too much to hope for closer co-operation between State University and affiliated colleges in the future and a clearer recognition of the place of the latter within the system.

It seems likely that next year the affiliated colleges will be alone in the city—the Provincial Government will have abandoned its protégé to the amenities of rural life. (One is almost tempted to wonder if the Legislature could not do its work better away from the distractions of city life—say the National Park at Clear Lake). That being the case we shall have to shoulder more of the responsibility that devolves upon a University for the cultural life of the community. In this regard it is gratifying to know that the task of providing adequate library facilities is being seriously taken up by the college authorities.

There is a very real danger that the financial stringency may lead to a lowering of standards in the University. Against any such attempt the affiliated colleges must stand firm. As they were the pioneers in higher education in this city so must they ever be in the vanguard showing the way to higher conceptions of a University and worthier educational standards. It should be clearly understood that this is the function of the small college; the college is not an excrescence, an unnecessary complication of the University system; it stands for a higher conception of education than any mass production State institution ever can.

As we leave the halls of our *Alma Mater*, therefore, we turn and salute her. Forward United!

## What Will You Do?

**N**INE out of ten graduates—or thereabouts—will say, “I don’t know!” We publish elsewhere an article by the College President, reviewing in optimistic vein the progress made in the last fifty years. It is an inspiring story—on paper. In fact, it has not worked out. Our latent resources are running to waste, not because we do not need them, but because we are in bondage to an outgrown system of distribution that we lack the courage to abandon.

The number of students who will graduate this year, for whom society has no use, is a measure of the futility of going on as we have been doing. With us the problem is new, but it has been developing in other countries for years, and there is no reason to think that it is temporary here. In some quarters fears are expressed that faced with this situation students will become radical; that is not our fear; we fear that students will accept the present situation, determine to make the best of a bad job, and wait, Micawber-like, for something to turn up.

We need to be radical at this time; radical in the true sense of the word. A patch-up job will but aggravate our difficulties and lead to new ones. Students should be able to face facts squarely and should insist that others do so, refusing to be put off with stupid prejudices of a generation ago, superficial diagnoses and useless remedies. Let’s be radical!

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## Personal Points

**I**T was with keen regret that we noted the absence of one of our most popular professors from the College during the last two months of term. Dr. G. B. King, Honorary Editor of *Vox*, is loved by all who know him, and in the name of the students of United Colleges we wish to express our sorrow at his serious illness and our hope that next year will find him back at college in renewed health and strength. Since he has been at United, Dr. King has served as Honorary Editor of *Vox*, and has proved an invaluable aid. Next year he returns to become Honorary President of another standing committee and Professor A. R. M. Lower will succeed him on the *Vox* staff. We wish to congratulate Dr. Lower on his recent award from the Social Science Research Council and are sure that he will be a real asset to the *Vox* staff. For ourself it remains only to add that we appreciate tremendously the privilege accorded us of editing this magazine during the past year; we resign the office with regret, but know it will be safe in the capable hands of Tommy Saunders, our successor.

The *Vox* staff of ’32-’33 says, “Thank You,” and offers its best wishes to the incoming executive.

Vox congratulates the winners of the following awards:

## Wesley College Awards

Governor-General's Medal	Helen B. Moffett, B.A.
THIRD YEAR	
Sir John C. Eaton Scholarship	Margaret G. McKim
SECOND YEAR	
J. H. Ashdown Scholarship	Donald C. McGavin
Hart A. Massey Scholarship	Freda Civkin
D. K. Elliot Scholarship	Florence E. McKim
FIRST YEAR	
Principal J. W. Sparling Scholarship	Gertrude I. Parsons
Prof. A. Stewart Scholarship	Frances E. Weekes
H. W. Hutchinson Scholarship	Elizabeth F. Morrison
Dr. E. Loftus Scholarship	Arthur V. Neil
GRADE XII	
Sir James Aikins Scholarship	Frank Stokes
R. J. Whitla Scholarship	Audrey Farndale
GRADE XI	
Rev. George Young Scholarship	John A. Macfarlane
GRADE X	
E. R. Wood Scholarship	M. S. Stanton
Logie Butchart Memorial Bursaries	
Miss M. Nancy W. Syme	Miss Isabel C. Brown
Miss Edna Wood	Miss Florence M. Hanford
I.O.D.E. Bursaries:	
Miss Caroline Laird	Frank D. Pickersgill

## Manitoba College Awards

FINAL YEAR	
Robert Carswell Scholarship in Greek and	
Governor-General's Medal	Stanley H. Knowles, B.A.
Robert Anderson Scholarship	Wm. M. Hughes, B.A.
Mary Perine Tait Scholarship	Sam. J. B. Parsons, B.A.
Robert Carswell Scholarship for Hebrew	Hartley J. Harland, B.A.
SECOND YEAR	
Nisbet Memorial Scholarship	David Conly, B.A.
Ruth R. Winchester Scholarship	W. Wesley Harland, B.A.
W. A. Matheson Scholarship for Religious Education	Frank McLean
FIRST YEAR	
J. Ralph King Scholarship	Geo. F. Dyker, B.A.
James Watt Scholarship	H. G. Tolton, B.A.
John Black Scholarship	W. H. Shaver
PRIZES IN ORAL ENGLISH	
FIRST YEAR	
Book Prize	Geo. F. Dyker, B.A.
SECOND YEAR	
Thomas Nixon Prize	T. A. Payne
Campbell Memorial Prize	F. McLean
THIRD YEAR	
Special Prize	Joseph Wiznuk
Crowe Memorial Prize	Hartley J. Harland, B.A.
SENIOR DEACONESS' YEAR	
Special Prizes	{ Miss Edith McCulloch and Miss Laura Sharpe

## University of Manitoba Awards

### *Sir James Aikins Scholarship in English*

Third Year ..... Margaret H. Bartlett  
 Second Year ..... Freda Civkin

### *Isbister Scholarships*

Senior Honors Division—Second Year .....	{ Colin E. Jack Brockwell C. King
Senior Division—First Year .....	{ John A. Buchanan Margaret G. McKim
Junion Division—Second Year .....	{ Donald C. McGavin Florence E. McKim Jessie Ostaff
Junior Division—First Year .....	{ Gertrude I. Parsons Frances E. Weekes

## Student Body Awards

### *Executive Certificates and Pins*

Gilbert D. Box	Hartley J. Harland
Gwen J. Lane	Philip J. Stark
G. Mervyn C. Sprung	W. Wesley Harland

### *Athletic Certificates*

Cleve C. Gerry	G. Mervyn C. Sprung	W. Mack. Shaw
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### *Pennants (Second Championship)*

Jack Walley	Genevieve Johns
W. Mack. Shaw	Thomas Saunders
Aubrey Cunningham	Martyn Best
Gordon Gilbert	

### *U.C. Crest ('32-'33 Championships)—Senior*

Joe Benson—H.	Genevieve Johns—T.
James Coulson—H.	J. Edward Musgrove—H.
Aubrey Cunningham—H.	Robert Rutherford—H.
Willet Farley—H.	

### *Junior*

Martyn Best—B.	William Sangster—T.
Watson Elliot—B.	Thomas Saunders—B.
Gordon Fryer—B.	William Weekes—B.
Desmond O'Brien—B.	Donald Young—B.
Leighton Robinson—B.	

## Marching On

PRESIDENT J. H. RIDDELL



HIS title does not appear to find a fitting place in our present economic situation. Many people fail to recognize the slightest evidence of any "marching on." They express the conviction that the only movement now is a backward one, and they wish to turn the hands of the clock back for many decades to represent the retrograde condition into which economic affairs have slumped; but a very casual review of the happenings in society in the last quarter of a century will surely lead us to question the accuracy of any strictures such as those in the movements of our time. If men would only rise up, stand on their feet, look around and examine honestly what has recently taken place around us, they will soon be convinced that events have been moving forward with unprecedented strides. "Marching on" is a term usually applied to the movement of a mass of men stepping in unison. Here I wish to apply it to the achievements in the world around us which are moving not only onward, but onward in steps that have a gigantic sweep.

Before proceeding to set forth some definite facts to which the term "marching on" might be fittingly applied, I would like to pause for a minute to utter a word of warning to the effect that "marching on" in events has some of the dangers incidental to all "marching on." The good we get from the world

of advancement will in some measure be conditioned by our personal attitude to what is happening. The best things in life may not bring us the best results, but may become chains about our feet through our own folly and selfishness. Our fellow men may provide for us great liberating forces, but our silly and self-indulgent response to these may leave us farther removed from the highest and the best, and more deeply immersed in the things that are unworthy of nature's noblest product.

The term "marching on" may be fittingly applied in general to all those happenings which tend to relieve mankind from drudgery, pain and poverty on the one hand, and to bestow on the other, opportunities for freer and fuller thinking, to give to men an open door to wider horizons and loftier skies, and to provide a definite stimulus to nobler feelings and diviner longings. I ask you, then, to recall with me some things in recent years which have tended to bring such conditions about.

Think of the striding steps in the field of medical science, controlling disease, relieving pain and delaying the inevitable approach of death. Recently the life of mankind has been, by the hand of medical science and sanitation extended from an average of forty-five years to an average of fifty-four years. Just think of it, a decade more for rounding out life's claims on us.

Then recall again how the advancing inventions have come to

relieve men and women from the long and wearing hours of toil. What it required twelve hours of hard depressing manual toil to accomplish a short time ago can be done with comfort in six hours and still leave the worker fresh for other helpful undertakings. Formerly, evening found the worker too weary to want anything but sleep. Today the day's work is such as to whet the appetite for better and brighter things. Man has been rapidly becoming master of his destiny through the release of nature's secrets.

Contemplate for a moment the income secured just a short time ago by the ordinary laborer. Until two or three years ago, people generally never had, in such abundant form, the means to relieve poverty or delay its approach. When distress came in the past the sufferer had no place to look for assistance except to some charitable institution. Recently things have entirely changed and the government has stepped in and has assumed the responsibility, and now pays out of its treasury money to meet the pressing needs of those who for various reasons are suffering for want of sustenance. Such a situation is surely a socialized state of society, and yet we have dropped into it and accepted its operation as a regular piece of mechanism, and society generally has raised very slight protest against the increased burden put upon it by increased taxation. The only thing that people strain at is the shirking imposter who seeks to thrive on the misfortune of others.

Think on the other hand of

all that has come to bring pure enjoyment, to stimulate helpful thinking and to waken and sustain the nobler feelings. Many things have marched into our lives to establish selected contacts, in a remarkable way, with both the living and the dead. These include the radio, the aeroplane, the automobile, the telephone and telegraph. The marvels which these instruments of human thought have wrought in the conquest of distance, and in the subduing and harnessing of nature's factors and forces make one wonder if we are living in a real world. In this area we have one invention linked up with another "marching on" to liberate the mind and the heart and the conscience from the prison house of narrowness and isolation.

Recall again not only new inventions and new discoveries, but think of the new laws enacted for social betterment, see the forward movement which has been set forth in Old Age Pensions, Minimum Wage Regulations, Mothers' Allowance, Workmen's Compensation, Child Welfare Enactment, and Prison Reform. All these are linked up in a forward march to banish the fears and anxieties which torture many lives as they face the grim problem of getting a living in advancing years. Through this legislation a new era has dawned for toiling men and women and for dependent, delinquent, neglected and illegitimate children. The Juvenile Court, first instituted in Manitoba slightly over a quarter of a century ago, has put the delinquent child in a new social posi-

(Continued on page 31)

## *Some Essential Principles For Life\**

“Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; prove all things; hold fast that which is good; abstain from every form of evil.”

(1 Thes. v. 19-22)

RT. REV. T. ALBERT MOORE, D.D.

**F**AD these phrases been written by Channing they would be called a “symphony.” Had they been written by Van Dyke they would be titled “Guides on the Footpath to Peace.” Had they been written by Dr. Sparling, the first Principal of Wesley College, they would have been named “New Century Ideals.” They are worthy the best place in every life. They contain five vital, essential, virile, correlated and interlocked principles for the building of character, the development of worthy citizenship. The text is not the only Scripture that says these things, and it does not say everything—but what the text does say is vital to the highest achievements in life, character and citizenship for our youth.

The first principle is that *life is essentially spiritual*.

The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. The religious faculty is present in every human breast. The sincere efforts to satisfy their natural propensity to worship are revealed in the grotesque forms of worship, the rude carvings which they call “God,” and in many other ways, among peoples and nations in other than Christian lands.

There have always been systems of religion—yet it is only

the Christian religion that is able to declare its invaluable worth for the life that now is and the life which is to come.

Standing on the threshold of your lives—the past a preparation—the future beckoning you onward, life in its morning, the whole horizon is roseate with promise and hopefulness. My first appeal to you is, Quench not the Spiritual. Your lives will be higher in success, happier in achievement, if they are spiritual in all their ranges and relations. Give the primal place to spiritual influence and possession. The Spirit must not be quenched. Life is always the loser when the spiritual is given a secondary place or is quenched in any way.

The divine immanence must mean something far better than the occasional breaking into particular regions or particular periods of human life. It must mean the permanent permeation of all life with the divine presence and power. This must not be quenched any time, anywhere in the life of a man, or the life of a church, or the life of an institution, or the life of a nation. This is that fundamental matter, never more needed in our national life than today.

The second vital Life Principle is that *life must be guided*

\*Baccalaureate Sermon preached before the United Colleges graduating classes in Young Church, 19th March, 1933, abridged for publication.

*by Right Teaching. "Despise not Prophesyings."*

Paul wrote out of a living experience. Even then there had appeared some who professed to follow Christ, who placed all their emphasis upon certain formulas and certain forms of service. He sought to correct the errors introduced into the Church through untaught, unregulated, untested "visions," "revelations" and "spiritualities." To be intelligent successful followers of Christ we must despise not prophesyings and teachings. The loyal Christian will listen to the voices of the ages and of the sages, to the teachings of wisdom, to the influences of others whose lives are spiritual and whose utterances are inspired by the Spirit of God.

Prophesyings are not mere foretellings—they are forth-tellings; they are not merely prediction—they are instruction.

We never reach the limit for instruction. We climb the steps that indicate progress, but these are merely the evidence of having lifted ourselves into larger privilege for better understanding, and more complete reception of the voices of instruction and of prophecy.

The graduate has reached the place and receives the diploma which warrants that his ear has become attuned to hear, and his spirit trained to give heed to the voice of prophecy. That life thus attained realizes the true meaning of the voices and influences of the Spirit and the teaching of all them with whom God has dwelt and to whom he has spoken.

Spirituality is always a men-

ace when without instruction. The teaching of God keeps spirituality safe and sane and strong. On the other hand prophesying instruction has little value in a living soul when the spirit has been quenched.

The third Principle is one that is vital to a successful life. It applies to spiritualities and to instruction. Every professed spirituality and proclaimed teaching must answer the question, Are they good to live by, to live with, to live on and to live for? This exhortation to *prove all things* is not an apostolic warrant for recklessly experimenting with everything under heaven. Men have been ruined by that practice, the practice of trying every new teaching, every alleged vision that comes along. This text has been widely used as the apostolic warrant for freedom of inquiry and research—as though they needed any warrant! And it has been used by others as the apostolic injunction to bring things to the test of logic—as though the deep things of life could be proved by logical forms or processes! Some of the most logical systems of the world have been repudiated because they were not good to live by, not good for life. There is a real truth in pragmatism. The name is long and not attractive, but there is a real truth here. This text hints at it. Truth is something more and better than a correct philosophy, an accurate collection of facts. Truth, in Christ's use of it is good for life. It sets life free. And the final test of Christianity, its Bible, its message, its practices such as prayer and fellowship, lies here. These are all good for life. Christianity's visions, its spiritu-

alities, its prophesyings are good for life. Being proved they make for character. If there were any other force or teaching that would make better men and a better world Christianity would be superseded.

If I knew any book better for life than the Bible I would use it; any way better than prayer I would walk in it; any teachings better than the Master's I would accept them; any spirit better than the Holy Spirit of God I would dwell in it; any person better for life than Jesus Christ I would follow and obey Him. Bible and prayer, teachings and Spirit, and the Master Himself, brought to the test of life are proved to be good. This is the vital test.

The Fourth Principle herein voiced is *unshaken adherence to the things that are good*. The limits of time prevent elaboration. But what need? It is a self-evident and vital principle. It is not an academic matter of holding fast to that which is true, it is a life-preserving matter of holding fast that which is good. That principle settles many things. Is a thing good for life, good to live by, to live with, to live on, to live for? Has humanity always found it good? Then let nothing shake you loose from it; no mystery, no perplexity, no difficulty, no fancied advantage, no anything! Faith in Jesus Christ, obedience to Him, fellowship with Him in suffering and service, in purpose and practice are good, are always good, proved good when brought to the test. Hold fast this faith, obedience and fellowship because they are good. Life has nothing better to live on.

Let go everything that is not good for life, everything that lowers the tone, weakens the fibre and destroys the integrity of life. Bring your visions and dreams, the teachings you hold, the things you believe and the things you doubt, your relationships, your friendships, your hates and loves, all to the test of life. Do they strengthen what is good in you and drive out what is bad in you? Are they good when proved in life's crucible? If they are not let them go, swiftly, surely and forever. If they are good hold them fast. As God lives, make permanent what is excellent.

The Fifth Principle is the corollary of the Fourth. *Abstain from the very appearance of evil*. The apartments of life are not water-tight. Evil everywhere spoils it all. Do not say one word for evil. It is the ruin of spirituality, the foe of the Spirit; it vitiates and perverts teachings and prophesyings; it destroys the test and weakens the hold on goodness. Have nothing to do with it. Cut it all off and all out. Probably no one is as bad as he can be, as full of evil as he might be, but the evil, the untruthfulness, the malice that is in a man, the impurity, spoils the man. It permeates his whole being.

These five principles are interwoven in the processes of character construction, indispensable among the influences which conserve good citizenship. There are other principles, but these are inseparable, invaluable, and necessary to life's success. As we have seen them they do make a "symphony," they are "guides

(Continued on page 35)



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of  
CANADA

# WESLEY COLLEGE

Affiliated with University of Manitoba

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

*Portage Avenue at Balmoral*

ARTS  
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COLLEGIATE

## *A Vision of the Future\**

PROFESSOR G. B. KING

Mr. Toastmaster, Students and Friends:



FACE this task tonight of replying to the toast to the Faculty a little conscience-stricken. My thoughts go back to my student days when I sat through a series of Graduation dinners, inwardly groaning during a succession of long and tiresome speeches from professors who were even more boring in their capacity as after-dinner speakers than they were in their classroom lectures, if you can imagine such a possibility! I used to wonder then what a Graduation dinner would be like, with a full complement of toasts, but the speeches taken as read! At any rate, I determined then that never, under any circumstances, would I be inveigled into inflicting an after-dinner speech upon a suffering group of students. Of course, at that time I never dreamed that I would fall so low in the social scale as to become a professor. Yet here I am, such a creature, and with all my good resolutions gone by the board!

I have long been a student of that peculiar type of literature which finds an embodiment in the last book of our Bible, the Book of Revelations, a literature which has to do with red and white horses, lions, bears, mysterious human figures, palm-trees and vines, all of it conveying truth for the times to him who reads with attention. There is a great deal of this literature

and in every case the message is conveyed to the writer concerned in vision form. He is lying upon his bed, it may be, troubled with his problem, and falls asleep. In a dream an angel comes and resolves his problem for him, and when he awakes he goes to his countrymen with the message that has been given him.

This winter I have had a class in this apocalyptic literature, as it is called. I do not know whether or not it was under the influence of this recent study, but last week I sat at home musing upon what I could say in this speech. I was alone, a not unusual condition at our place. Mrs. King was away attending a meeting of a Committee for the Removal of Belligerent Bombast from School History Books. Brock was out at the U.S.S.R. Being a modern father, I have never enquired into the meaning of these cabalistic symbols, but I understand them to mean "The Republic of Unusually Serious Students." At any rate, I was alone, sitting at slippered ease before the fireplace, with the flames licking their way up the chimney and casting chequered shadows on the wall opposite, but "my thoughts troubled within me," to quote one of the old apocalypses. And while I sat there, becoming exhausted with the untoward task of thinking that this forthcoming serious speech of mine was imposing upon me, I fell asleep. In my

\*An address delivered in reply to the toast to the Faculty, at the Grads' Dinner, Fort Garry Hotel, 17th March, 1933.

sleep I had a vision. I would like to think it came by way of an angel, but truth to say, I have my doubts. The figure that appeared to me had a long, flowing, white beard, and so far as my researches go, angels and beards hardly go together. Then I thought I caught in his eyes a faint resemblance to an old caretaker who used to haunt the halls of Wesley College long ago, but I had forgotten the name and I feared to ask the ghostly visitant.

Angel or not, in my vision this figure conveyed me, by the hair of my head, as seers of old, to the land of Palestine, to fulfil a long-held ambition of mine to travel and study in the Holy Land. Now I quite admit without argument that if celestial journeys depend upon the possession of hair, we must fear for some of our faculty! That aside, however; an opportunity arising for so doing, I remained in Palestine for a term of years, I know not how long. Then, just as unexpectedly, I was whisked back to Portage Ave., Winnipeg, and to Wesley College.

Did I say Wesley College? My wondering eyes beheld a busy row of stores and offices along the whole Portage Ave. front. Midway of the block a noble arch permitted a sight of what bore some resemblance to the old main building, which was flanked on either side by beautiful stone structures. My ghostly guide had accompanied me on my return, and him I now addressed. "Venerable sir," I said, "I knew this college many years ago, but whence came these offices and these stately structures I see at hand?" "Why," he an-

swered, "Winnipeg took a sudden boom when the United States went into bankruptcy at the end of the Great Depression years ago. Land values soared here, and the Doctor sold this frontage at a fabulous price and these fine buildings are the result—Library, Science Building, Museum, Residences."

With the venerable figure as my guide, I entered through the archway, and proceeding up the broad avenue, approached the museum on my right. I cannot take time to recount all its wonders and delights. Two things, however, I must relate. In a little alcove, severe against a background of purple and white, and with a brilliant light playing upon them, were a reading desk and a stepladder. In great curiosity I asked what they could be. "Once upon a time," said my guide, "there was a beloved professor at Wesley College who used this reading desk for his lectures, who indeed could not lecture without its aid. This stepladder here, being inadvertently left one time in his lecture room, he mounted, and discoursed from the top. Desk and steps are now kept as mementoes of his." "He is not dead?" I reverently enquired. "Oh no," was the answer; "he will never get *that* old; he is now head of the Overseas Education League and lives the life of a country squire in England."

As I left the building, I saw near the entrance a long brass tablet on which were inscribed a list of languages. Beginning with English, it swept through the gamut of ancient and modern languages, a bewildering list. Recalling the Doctor's interest

in the British and Foreign Bible Society, I thought it represented the languages of which the Society had printed editions and I so remarked to my guide. "No," he answered, "it is a list of the languages whose poetry one of our professors has translated. The translations are now housed in a special wing of our library." "He isn't dead?" I hopefully asked. "Far from it," came the answer. "Having exhausted the list of available languages, he is now engaged in inventing one of his own. Having experimented with it for several years upon the students of Wesley College, he hopes now to give it to the world, declaring that if college students can understand and use it, then certainly the general public can."

From the museum I passed into the rotunda of the main building. It presented considerable changes from the past, the whole lower inside having been altered to conform to the extended wings. On the left, however, I heard the murmur of a voice, and looking in through a crack in the door, I beheld a figure, bowed with the weight of years and with a few scraggy hairs on his chin, lecturing to one lone student, who sat listening in a sort of mesmeric trance. I caught a sentence: "In preparation for tomorrow's lecture you will read the shelf of books on the subject which you will find in the library. I want them read too. I'll be damned if I am going to lecture to students who do not show interest enough in the subject to do the reading I assign them." I tiptoed away. "That's the head of the History Department," said my guide in

awed tones, in answer to my unspoken query. "They have raised the standard in that department until they have but the one student who can meet the grade. They hope to ease *him* out next year."

"Of course, Dr. Riddell is still directing the affairs of the college?" I asked. "No," answered my guide, "he had seen his fondest hopes for the college more than realized and retired to enjoy his well-earned honors." "Then who is the new President?" I wanted to know. "We haven't any," he proudly remarked. "About that time Comrades William Onions and Merwyn Sprung returned from a sojourn in Russia to pursue post-graduate studies at Wesley College and they seized the reins of authority and set up a soviet of students to run the college. They, of course, are no longer here, but their pictures, beards and all, hang in the chapel just over the dais, where they are visited by thousands of worshipful students from all parts of the world every year, for while all educational institutions are now run along soviet lines, this was the first institution to adopt that form of administration. Some of the rules which were adopted in their day still hang upon yonder wall."

I made my way to the point indicated and read the following:

#### RULES FOR PROFESSORS

1. Professors who are late for their classes will be severely dealt with by the Soviet Student Council. Students may enter classrooms any time after a lecture begins. Indeed, it is advisable that all students should do this occasionally, as an expression of the

liberty we have gained over our former tyrants.

2. No professor may offer a term test to a class unless he has himself written on the test before the Soviet Student Council and taken a mark of at least 55% upon it. Questions which a professor wishes to ask in class must also be submitted the day before to the Council.

3. Deans of the men's and girls' residences must be in by 11 p.m. unless given special permission to remain out to a later hour by the Soviet Student Council. A list of their callers must also be submitted to the censorship of the Council.

There was much else along the same line. Then in an inconspicuous place adjoining I saw this sign:

#### RULES FOR STUDENTS

There are no rules for students.

I turned away in sadness. To what had the college come! I thought to relieve the tension created in my mind by having a little fun with my guide, so I said to him: "There used to be a hybrid professor here in my day, part Arts, for he taught New Testament Greek, and part Theology. Did he come to the bad end that was predicted for him?" He turned a face of horror to me at the question. He tried to speak, but no words came. As I stared at him, tongues of flame flashed before me, the walls rocked, and then crashed down upon me. With an unearthly scream, my ghostly visitant vanished. I awoke, to find that my hearth fire had burned itself out in one expiring burst of flame, that I had slipped off my chair onto the floor, and in so doing had sat upon the tail of my dog who had been sleeping companionably by me.

My speech hastens to its close and I am reminded that I have

given the graduating class none of that grandfatherly advice expected from speakers on such occasions as this. It is too late now to do much about it. The faculty are grateful for the kind words expressed by the mover of the toast; they believe they came sincerely from the heart. In their turn the faculty wish to thank you for the pleasure of your company in their classes and to assure you that all the past has been forgiven and relegated to the limbo of the forgotten. They wish the graduating class the greatest joy in the new life that lies before them.

A college is only as great as its students. The college that may be can only be the creation of its students, past as well as present and future. May we beg your continued interest in and loyalty to the college in the years ahead of you? That dream of mine in its essential features is not an impossibility—Wesley College as a well-equipped and efficient unit of a great federated University. You may help to bring it down, like the New Jerusalem of John's vision, from the realm of the skies to the solid, tangible earth.

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A.M.S. (during History seminar): "In this essay, I haven't said anything —"

Dr. Lower: "Unquestionably, Mr. Smith."

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Mr. Pickersgill (before Xmas exams): "I don't give a damn what marks my students make."

Mr. Pickersgill (after Xmas exams): ". . . and in Second Year, McGavin made 92%."

## *Valedictory — Theology, '33*

Delivered at the Theological Convocation, Knox Church.



By LLOYD C. STINSON

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It has fallen to my lot to say a few words of farewell on behalf of the graduating class in Theology of the year 1933. I am grateful indeed for this privilege, and I hope that I shall perform my task to the satisfaction of my classmates, any one of whom might have been selected for this honor. It is, however, a matter of the greatest difficulty to speak on behalf of such a class, for every man speaks for himself. If you have ever had the opportunity of listening just outside the door of a certain lecture room you will realize the truth of this.

It has been said that true eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary and nothing but what is necessary. Such a definition should meet the demands of those who have said that I must be brief and confine myself to what is essential, not making great what is small, nor small what is great. With this in mind, Mr. Chairman, I promise to do my best. Do not be surprised, however, if I meet with the same difficulty that a certain preacher once experienced when delivering a special sermon before his brother ministers. He had made a good start, and for a time everything had gone well, until towards the close when he began to flounder. In great disgust he exclaimed: "Brethren, I had a great subject, but it has caved in on me."

We come tonight, to the parting of the ways. Like the ancient god, Janus, we face in two directions, compelled to look both backward and forward. Behind us are seven years of College Life, and before us an open door into the future. Naturally it is with regret that we bid farewell to a life which has been such a happy one, and to which we can return only in memory. We have been here so long, we have attended so many lectures, written so many examinations, and made so many friends that it seems strange to leave it all, realizing that very soon it will be a part of the past.

Naturally, the question arises: What will our memories be of our sojourn here? Very likely many of them will be of our activities and escapades as a class, especially those planned in the famous Theological Club Room. Long after we have forgotten the difference between Pauline and Johannine thought, the memory of Room 9 will remain. After lectures have been forgotten, professors will be remembered. And here let me pay our tribute to the Theological Faculty of United Colleges. We believe that the impact of their collective personality, for that is what a Faculty is, has been of the greatest importance in the formation of our lives.

They have guided us along many precarious roads during these years, and we wish to thank them for what they have done for us. We have learned not only to respect them but to think of them as true friends. There was a time, of course, when we thought they were old fossils, interested only in the fine points of an ancient theology, but that mood has passed, and now we regard them as men of broad interests and high character, tolerant, sympathetic, and friendly. We go out feeling that their interest in us will be a lasting one. Our hope is that we may merit the confidence that they have in us.

It is inevitable, Mr. Chairman, that tonight we think of these things, after seven years of contact with the professors and students of United Colleges. We feel that we are somewhat more worthy to face the issues of life because of this experience, for we have shared in the intellectual and cultural advantages of College Life. We feel that our lives have expanded, that we have a broader outlook, a deeper intellectual life and a higher ideal, because of these privileges.

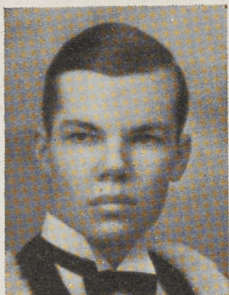
Not that we for one moment regard ourselves as the finished product of education. Far from it, for we have come to realize that education is a process, and we have made only a beginning. But we have achieved this, I think, that we have laid a foundation upon which to build an edifice of Christian character. We are trying to see life in its true perspective. Our aim is Self-Mastery, in the light of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

Tonight we are on the threshold of a new life. What form it will take can only be conjectured. But we are eager for the struggle. Phillips Brooks once said that the real test of any life is its expectancy. Our mood tonight is one of expectancy. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. The eye of the spirit sweeps wide horizons. We are about to enter a world that challenges the best that is in us, for it is a changing, moving, dynamic world. It is a world that has had to withstand many tremendous shocks in the past, and it is not necessary for me to repeat what we know so well, that we are living in a world of political incoherence, social disorder and economic depression. Would it be too much to say that it is a chaotic and bewildered world?

This is the challenge of 1933. And the Church must face it. We must accept it. The world expects a great deal from the Church and we dare not fail. The Church is challenged to re-think her teachings in terms of social reconstruction, and to serve a perplexed people. It is a tremendous challenge and we are humbled by it. The Church is challenged by the problem of war. The world looks to the Church for leadership, and we must do our part to tear the mask from this hateful thing which civilization has so long tolerated in its midst. We must teach that the truest patriotism demands a repudiation of the whole war system. We must not be afraid to echo the words of that great revolutionary, Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, mankind are my friends, and to do good

## Valedictory—Arts, '33\*

© Domine illustris, dux bone gregis nostri, et vos amici omnes!



BROCKWELL C. KING

It is with a feeling of trepidation that I propose to deliver the Valedictory Address of the year Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-three, for I am fully sensible of the honor which has been bestowed upon me in making me Valedictorian. Yet I feel it would be almost obscene for me to give utterance to certain custom-defined and saccharine platitudes which mouth well but pass off as quickly as the present moment. If I launch forth into the realm of the serious and of the speculative, I shall, therefore, make no apology to the graduating class if I miss saying thereby nice things about our happy memories of Betty and Dorothy and Hank and Sam, and the night we men put the Dean's bed in the shower-room. I shall, too, make no apology to my professors because this speech may sound like one of their lectures—it cannot be so *very* grim that it will compare unfavorably.

One of the difficulties of the older generation at present is to prevent their own uncertainty

from seeping through to the younger lot. And yet the quiescence of the university students today is truly remarkable. With chances three to one that they will not find gainful employment when they leave college, and though they find themselves in a world which they had no part in creating, they seem nevertheless content to listen open-eared to the counsels of their elders, and take them at their face value. I would like this evening to make some observations, not about our social structure, but about the institution from which we are now emerging after four years in the chrysalis or pupa stage, the stage in which we were pupils, if you will. These observations on the university must of necessity be of the briefest sort, and they may satisfy no one but myself.

The Bishop of Croydon remarked last year that "*there is going to be a race between education and catastrophe.*" H. G. Wells said in 1924 that "*The hope of the world lies in a broader and altogether more powerful organization of education,*" and farther on he said that "*the education of a fully educated man is not conspicuously better than it was two hundred years ago.*" Wells believed that not one person in a hundred adults were mental workers, and he predicted the time, no doubt when his *Cosmopolis* comes into being, when one in eight or one in five would be engaged in

\*Delivered at the Grads' Farewell, Wesley College, 30th March, 1933.

work requiring the use of the intellect. That there must be an educational thrust in western society, just as there was an industrial thrust in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, seems inevitable if mankind is to survive: and it seems right that young university graduates should be in a position to discuss it, especially when so many of them will become teachers, or would like to do so.

There have been in the past some three important philosophies of education giving individuals a personal interest in social relationships. For the sake of brevity I shall quote John Dewey speaking of these. *"The Platonic was found to have an ideal formally quite similar to that I have stated, but which was compromised in its working out by making a class rather than an individual the social unit. The so-called individualism of the eighteenth-century enlightenment was found to involve the notion of a society as broad as humanity, of whose progress the individual was to be the organ. But it lacked any agency for securing the development of its ideal as was evidenced in its falling back upon Nature. The institutional idealistic philosophies of the 19th century supplied this lack by making the national state the agency, but in so doing narrowed the conception of the social aim to those who were members of the same political unit, and reintroduced the idea of the subordination of the individual to the institution."* Through this alliance of education with the national, education has made good material progress, but has found her-

self enchained by her benefactor. Possibly no more powerful ally could be found for the cultivation and exciting of patriotic passion than that instrument which takes a child at his most impressionable period, and only releases him when his prejudices have been fully formed. As Julien Benda has said in his *"Great Betrayal,"* *"Today political passions show a degree of universality, of coherence, of homogeneity, of precision, of continuity, of preponderance, in relation to other passions, unknown until our times."* And this has come about largely because of the conception and propagation of nationalistic propaganda on the part of the scholarly class of the community, the class Benda designates by the term *"clerk."* We in North America can scarcely begin to realize what the force of these *"clerks"* is, for so far all we have needed is an injection of the Imperial serum to keep us ready to fight for King and Country when it is deemed necessary. But there will be no chance of a Wellsian Cosmopolis so long as the learned classes of the world prostitute their art for a worldly cause.

Perhaps the monster which is most hostile to the spirit of education, from the bottom to the top, is the materialistic philosophy, which has to the present day shone forth as the beacon light for the mass to follow. Here again the State impinges with its local and partisan demands, asking our educational institutions for men fitted with an apparatus best suited for practical work—it is the same

thing as Mussolini asking Italian matrons for a healthier lot of Italian babies and a higher output per capita. If we can graduate a thousand human beings whereas only nine hundred went out the year previous we have achieved success: and we have in our frenzy even gone the length of allowing women to take the same work as men, in order to raise the numbers.

There is the other viewpoint, namely that of cultivating culture for its own sake. Here there is a differentiation, one view being that the primary aim of education is the acquisition of knowledge, which historically has been represented by the schools of Humanism and Scholasticism; the other view is that the aim should be the formation of character, for which the cudgels of the schools of Naturalism and Monasticism have in the past been raised. To which of these views we should subscribe, I do not wish to say here, though I would suggest that the dice should not be loaded in favor of the latter—there is still a good deal to be said for knowledge for its own sake, despite what our practical fanatics have to say—at least, it is conceivable that among our student group knowledge and the result of the distillation of knowledge, wisdom, should be desired first. I recall a remark of Woodrow Wilson's: "*It is in conversation and natural intercourse with scholars chiefly that you find how lively knowledge is, how it ties into everything that is interesting and important, how intimate a part it is of everything that is 'practical' and connected with the world.*" Is the practical the right merely because it has

the imprimatur of the modern world?—for that is maintained by many philosophers today. Surely, theory and the ideal should take first place.

If we look around us over the North American continent we see everywhere the mad scramble for the material in life, and the mad scramble for facts in education; yet the frenzy with which we pursue our mad way leaves us no time to explain the motives for our actions, either to others or to ourselves. Dr. Abraham Flexner, in his book *Universities: American, British and German*, writes of the "*well-nigh universal striving for education, the well-nigh universal naive faith in being taught, as though education were really a matter of taking courses, being instructed in person or otherwise, passing examinations, and storing up 'credits.'* Information can, perhaps, be measured by 'credits'; not, however, education. Education is something for which the primary responsibility rests upon the individual, and a wise teacher will realize the narrow limits within which he can be useful."

We may want to congratulate ourselves in Canada that such a system of *ad hoc* courses are not found on Canadian curricula as appear on those of American universities. We may exclaim that we are more like the British type of university than the American. We may say that the British university turns out men with some aim in life, not automations fitted for some one mechanical operation: and we may quote Goethe by way of proof, who said to a friend who told Goethe that he did not believe young Englishmen were more

clever, more intelligent, better informed, or more excellent at heart than other people: "The secret," said Goethe, "does not lie in these things, my good friend, neither does it lie in birth and riches; it lies in the courage they have to be that for which nature has made them. There is nothing vitiated or spoilt about them, there is nothing half-way or crooked; but, such as they are, they are thoroughly complete men. That they are sometimes complete fools, I allow with all my heart; but that is still something, and has still always some weight in the scale of nature." British universities are now facing the problem of their relation to the State, and they may change slowly towards the American concept, whereas the American will probably swing up towards the British ideal. It will, however, be quite some time before British students will be required to turn in treatises on "Our girls and what they tell us." Concerning the position of Canadian universities in the scheme, the present Rhodes scholar of Manitoba, William Morton, has written: "*Canadian universities, like most Canadian institutions, are a six of one and a half a dozen of the other combination of these two concepts of the university. The European ideals have been imported, especially in denominational colleges, and have preserved our universities from many of the unfortunate excesses of those to the south. Nevertheless, contiguity and the force of similar circumstances have led to the adoption of American methods of administration, and to a similarity of student social life, and these have proved a great force.*

*In general, Canadian universities may be looked to evolve a fairly distinctive Canadian concept approaching more and more to the American by reason of like conditions, as the latter slowly raises its standards and develops universality of outlook."* We have no right for holding that Canada will produce a culture fundamentally distinct to that of the United States, although many Canadians would want to claim it possible. We are not a hive of Britishers up here in Canada, although otherwise informed foreigners think we are—Western Canada no longer is peopled by a majority of Anglo-Saxons. At the same time, we should not desire to copy the British model, and turn out British gentlemen, for the benefit of the subdued races on the globe or for the benefit of the hunting tradition in England. We have a chance, however, to develop what would be a sort of amalgam of the British and American type, with more than a dash of a new element thrown in. This amalgam will of course never be produced by our State-owned institutions of higher learning, and it will only be the denominational or endowed colleges, if there are any of the latter in Canada, which could possibly produce a new type.

The custom of taking courses, of rushing through subjects at break-neck speed, and finding in the end that we are just where we started, is patently out-of-date. We generally admit that the system of credits is slightly old in the field of education, but we go blithely on, trying to think the whole thing

(Continued on page 46)

## Address to the Theological Graduates\*

REV'D. J. W. CLARKE, M.C.



AS it is my desire to be helpful in a very practical way, I shall speak to you to-night out of the experience of my ministry, for in the final analysis, that only is authentic which comes out of life.

As you are about to enter your ministry, there are certain things which should be in very clear outline before the eyes of your mind, certain centralities which you should grip and by which you should be gripped.

### I. THE PURPOSES OF YOUR MINISTRY

i. *Redeemed Men.* Who will deny the need of redeemed men in this day? On every side of us there are lives pounding on the iron-toothed

rocks of habit, deluged by the green combers of desire, and the bitter cry of the spectators is raised, "*A wreck! A wreck!*" I don't care what theological term or name you apply, whether it be the new birth, conversion, salvation, changed lives, the plain fact of the need is evident.

ii. *A Redeemed Society.* Man has always been following the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night; his reach has always been longer than his grasp; his vision further than his sight. The vision of a new heaven and a new earth will not let him go. Because Christ took man and put him at the centre of life and because man of necessity is a dweller in an environment, we demand an order that will make it easy for him to be good, and hard for him to be bad, and we purpose to register our protest against things as they are in the name of something fairer and nearer to Christ's intention. Your mind will change on many things, but I trust you will never permit this dual purpose to fade, but that you will succeed in carrying it, like Peter's white bird, through the crowded market place, with wings ruffled and bruised, it may be, but unbroken.

### II. THE PROBLEMS OF YOUR MINISTRY

You are entering upon a calling which has many difficulties. As honest men, you cannot evade them. The first is that of *your emotional and intellectual integrity*. I trust you intend to be com-

\*Delivered at Knox Church, before the United Colleges' graduating class in Theology, Friday, 31st March, 1933.

pletely honest. That as people look at you, they will know that in your heart—down in the crypt and abyss of your soul—you are a believer. That there is nothing else in the world comparable in importance to you with your faith and gospel. That as you stand before them, no matter what your intellectual range or limitation may be, they will know that you are aware of the unseen and happy in the knowledge of it.

This integrity is expressed in two ways, emotionally and intellectually. We hear a great deal about "pure reason." There is no such thing. The intellectual can never be separated from the emotional side of man's nature. There is a time for restraint in expression, but there is also a time when all such restraint must be swept aside, and as you do smartingly feel, so will you speak. You do not need to be afraid of passion in the pulpit. You are not a sawdust doll or a frog, or a cold-blooded fish, but a man—of heart, blood, feelings. The church was born in a great passion.

At the same time, you will remember that this day is distinguished by its superficiality of thought, its intellectual confusion and its moral weakness. It has an inordinate desire for riches without industry, and it has just emerged from a yesterday when the gambling passion swept like hot lava through its veins, and when it despised those protective conventions which were built up out of the wisdom and bitter experience of many years. It should not be, therefore, an unexpected thing that the cry is for an easy gospel. Your gospel can never be that. You see, therefore, gentlemen, your calling and election. It is an election to a moral ministry—moral to the very core. You are "compelled men"—necessity is laid upon you. You are doomed to certain things. You are not concerned with what the people want, but with what they need, and whether they bear or forebear is no business of yours, for you are not worshippers at the altar of expediency, but at the high altar of the Divine Command. Like John Knox, you say, "I am one who has no option but to speak the things God has given me to speak, and to fear no flesh on the face of the earth."

But intellectual integrity possesses not only a moral content. You have also to make men think seriously. As a working minister, I find myself confronted with a very elusive thing—the refusal to think seriously, logically and continuously about life. Congregations accept the more genial side of the Christian revelation, but it is difficult to get them to face the great peremptory and solemn facts of the soul. They refuse to deliberate upon those disquieting possibilities which should make the heart of an honorable man shake, and which, I believe, Christ came from God to appease. You must be pitilessly honest and true in your own intellectual life, for your task is to stab the minds of men to life; to create a stir down to the lonely and awful depths of the human spirit; to disturb people in every condition and posture of the soul which is untrue to reality; to purge them with many stripes, if need be, so that they will be stripped of that light, jaunty attitude which is unworthy of a decent man. There, gentlemen, is your problem—the problem of

your integrity. The pulpit is no place for a stammerer or a compromiser. Your business is to let in the light and screw in the truth. *"It is required of a steward that he be found faithful."* Francis Thompson's couplet should ever be in your mind,

*"That my tone  
Be fresh with dewy pain always."*

There is also the problem of *the emphasis of your ministry*. I believe that two things determine this.

i. *The location of your ministry.* ii. *The conditions of your time.* The world moves and changes, and the problem of one age or century is never precisely the problem of any immediately preceding time. In the 16th and 17th centuries, the Reformation Church's problem was the right of access by the individual soul to God. In the 18th and 19th centuries, the church's problem centered around the fresh knowledge secured by the enquiring mind of man, and which seemed to produce a clash between this new knowledge and religious ideas. In this century, the Church confronts an expanded universe on the one hand and a contracted universe on the other. The soul of man is shuddering in the presence of a magnified world, and at the same time, the inventions of man have closed it like a concertina.

If these things are to be faced honorably, and the soul of man renewed and refreshed, the old shibboleths can no longer be re-echoed, or the former battle-cries resounded. Your emphasis must be for this day and its conditions, and must naturally be along the line of your personal qualities and gifts. Assuming on your part common sense, historical knowledge, and the recollection that Christ dealt with great principles and not methods and formulas, I would urge you to utter your soul though the pillars of the house shake and the heavens fall. Don't be afraid of being original. Be yourself.

### III. THERE REMAINS THE TECHNIQUE OF YOUR MINISTRY

There is a tendency to despise this, to state that ideas are supreme. This is largely, but not wholly, true. Why should the truth be arrayed in a ragged coat or with its shirt sticking out of its trousers? Why should not truth be arrayed in silken dress and silver slippers? As one who has not yet attained, but is striving, I would urge you to refuse the temptation to disparage technique, and the acquisition of the graces of preaching. Remember, the Church began with a sermon and a sacrament. I think this is the preacher's day, and the frequency of our poor preaching is pathetic. Pope cried,

*"Gracious God,  
What have I done to merit such a rod,  
That all this shot of dullness now should be  
From this, thy blunderbuss, discharged on me?"*

The people are entitled to good preaching. Out of their hard-

earned wages they provide for our keep. Surely the least we can do is to make the great intangibilities real and the impalpable values vivid. Our ideas should be stated in words that walk up and down the human heart. "*Oh man, speak things!*" cries Emerson to the preacher in a passage that might be carried in the memory. "*At church today I felt how unequal is this match of words against things. Cease, O thou unauthorized talker, to prate of consolation, resignation and spiritual joys in neat and balanced sentences. For I know these men who sit below. Hush quickly, for care and calamity are things to them. There is the shoemaker whose daughter has gone mad, and he is looking up through his spectacles to see what you have for him. Here is my friend whose scholars are all leaving him, and he knows not where to turn his hand next. Here is the stage driver who has jaundice and cannot get well. Here is B, who failed last year, and he is looking up anxiously. Speak things or hold thy peace.*"

You will also remember that Christianity captured the world by caring for individuals. You are about to occupy what has been beautifully described as a "*Cure of Souls.*" Final judgment will be passed on you, not by what you do in the Presbytery or on the quantity of committees upon which you sit, but on what you do with your own people. Your first duty is here. Is there any more tragic cry than, "*Mine own vineyard have I not kept?*"

In conclusion, believe me when I say that in addition to the purposes and problems and technique of your ministry there are *its comforts.*

Paul cried, "*I render thanks to Jesus Christ our Lord, Who considered me trustworthy and appointed me to the ministry.*" I do not speak untruthfully when I declare that not a day passes, but that I thank God that I am a Christian minister. Harry Emerson Fosdick declared, "*If I had a thousand lives to live, I would use them in the ministry.*" Who has such friendships as the minister? Who has such a field of service in the community? Who has such steady work? Upon whom is the eye of kindly expectancy turned more frequently—the troubled, the sick, the aged, the little children look to us. When you go into your new congregation, the best people in the community will be there to hear you. Is it not an amazing thought that week by week you will be contributing to their total force, to the direction of their spirits, and helping them to resist the threats of the world? They will trust you, they will wager their faith on you, you will represent God to them.

I wish you well. My prayers will follow you. Carry with you Carlyle's description of the speaking man.

"*That a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men, it is beautiful—even in its greatest obscurity and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This Speaking Man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly far from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the*

(Continued on page 45)

## ***Rev. R. H. Lowry, D.D. (Honoris Causa)***

By PRINCIPAL JOHN MACKAY, D.D.



The most recent graduate of Manitoba College to receive the D.D. degree, Rev. Robert Hamilton Lowry, was born in Ireland, where he was trained as a teacher and taught for eight years before he heard the call for mission work in Western Canada. After spending some time on Mission fields, he entered Manitoba College, from which he graduated in 1913. In his college course he showed marked ability as a student, leading his classes during every year of the course. Since graduation he has kept up his studious habits, being among the best read of the younger men of the Conference.

He has always been deeply interested in music. Gifted with a

splendid singing voice and a great love for music, he was a leader in all musical events during his College days, and since his ordination he has raised the musical appreciation of each of his congregations to a marked degree. In his present charge at Gladstone, Man., he has not only developed a splendid mixed choir, which delighted a large audience at the Summer School in Wesley College last summer, but has trained a community male voice choir which ranks among the best in rural Manitoba and an orchestra which is discovering and developing a great deal of musical ability among the young people of the community. His wife is also a trained soloist of great ability, and they are much sought after for duet and solo work.

On ordination Dr. Lowry was called to Welwood, Manitoba, where he served with marked success for two years when he was called to Knox Church, Brandon, where he remained for thirteen years. Here he found a young congregation, not far beyond the mission stage, and built it up until it is now a strongly organized and efficient congregation.

In Brandon Presbytery Mr. Lowry took his part in unassuming fashion in all the work of the Presbytery, but his main interest was his own congregation. He and his wife threw themselves whole-heartedly into all the organizations of the congregation, paying special attention

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## **Rev. John E. Lane, D.D. (*Honoris Causa*)**

By A. D. LONGMAN, B.A.

Few students have the unique experience of graduating at the dawn of a new century, and a very much smaller number have the distinction of being honored, at the close of the first third of that century, by honorary degrees from their Alma Maters. But Rev. John E. Lane has experienced both. He graduated in Arts from Wesley College in 1900 and was awarded the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa*, at the Convocation held in Knox Church on March 31st.

Mr. Lane was born near St. Mary's Ont., in 1874. He obtained his elementary education in a one-room school in that locality—a school attended at the same time by a boy who was later to become prominent in Canada's political affairs. That boy was Arthur Meighen, with whom Mr. Lane has maintained a valued friendship. At the age of 17, John Lane came with his family to Manitoba and settled near Virden. He attended the Virden High School and the Virden Normal School.

After teaching school for two years he entered Wesley College in the fall of 1896, with the first classes to meet in the new Portage Avenue building. He took the General Course in Arts, and ranked high in his work, winning a scholarship in his third year. Following his graduation in Arts, he spent part of his time on mission fields and part at college, graduating in Theology in 1903. The principal sport in which he participated



was football, being captain of Wesley's senior team in his final year.

Swan River was his first regular pastorate. He started work there in the summer of 1903. In November of that year he was married to Jessie Alice Lamb of Newdale. Since leaving Swan River he has been a minister at Arden, Roland, Baldur, Hartney, Stonewall, and now, at Birtle, where he has served for the past seven years.

Mr. Lane has been active in the administrative life of the Church. Prior to Union he was a member of the Board of Publications of the Methodist Church, and at various times served as District Chairman and Conference Secretary. Since Union he has served as Chair-

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## *Clear Thinking and the Depression*

By BEESEAKEAJH

Goodness knows, I've forgotten how the conversation changed from pruning gooseberry bushes to the depression, but I thought Joe said a very significant thing when he said that after all it was only by our own individual action that we would get out of the slough of depression—slough, I thought that was quite good. And as I watched Joe pruning away in his deep bass voice (Get it? Ha! ha!), the lesson sunk—sunk—sunk home. After all, you can't cart water by leading it before a horse. I admit that the world is made up today of entities, but even after entities were discovered it was still the individual man who counted. You go out into the country today, and if you're lucky you'll find a farmer on the land, working away with Nature all around him. No wonder our Back to the Land Movement is succeeding so well when you think of the bees and the trees, and the brooks and the crooks—that is, for the sheep, you know. You'll find that the farmer is in tune with Nature, working away with his plow and his blither and scythel.

There's something awe-inspiring about our great prairies: something that grips you about the throat if you know what I mean, but that's not it exactly. Of course there are many parts of Ontario that have prettier countryside, but Ontario helped to put in Mr. Bennett, and—well, I mean. Now, I think Mr. Bennett has a very flexible mind. If you've got enough pull, you can

stretch it any way you want; the only difficulty is that it might snap back again. Our Prime Minister seems to be doing the best he can, and he sticks to his guns when it seems necessary. That's the way with Japan. But if she had gone into China with missionaries like we did, she could have done the country up brown, instead of bothering the League of Nations so much, for the Assembly is just about ready for a rest, what with their regular session last fall. We have no idea how hard our great statesmen work, and not even the conferences are enough to give them a chance to make up on their sleep.

There is a lesson in this for all of us. You know that the Duke of Devonshire was the only man who yawned when he was making his maiden speech in the House of Lords: and the Lords revered him for it! We hear so much talk these days about working our heads off trying to get somewhere. That's just Progress; and what is Progress? I always ask that question of people who say that prosperity is j. a. t. c. I get desperate sometimes with these people who, in throwing out the bath water, throw out the baby, as it were.

As a practical illustration, take the case of Britain going off the Gold Standard. We must admire the pluck of the great National Government, which by the way is made up of men from all ranks of life and all walks of party. You can't help but cheer when a man like Mr.

Thomas gets up and says "Humbug" in order to show up another man. That takes plain grit, the kind of grit that urged men to travel the seas, the kind that got an Empire founded, than which there is no whicher. What right has Mr. De Valera to stand up and say that Ireland won't kick in with her money? By the way, De Valera isn't an Irishman after all, but he goes on Erin his views just the same.

Well, the point is, and I think it is clear now—the keynote of the modern age is co-operation. Self-sufficiency unto himselfishness is a thing of the past, begob. That's why I think so well of the Corporate Consumptive—or rather the Corpulent—the C.C.F., you know. After all, what is our party system today anyway but a lot of dyeshirts and stuffed hearts? As I was saying to Joe when the conversation drifted into gooseberry bush trimming—we need men in this country who can face a question squarely, can think clearly and can know enough to keep their mouth shut. I think that if—

### MARCHING ON

(Continued from page 9)

tion and has given him a new door of opportunity in life. These laws are surely fine evidence that society is "marching on," to care for human needs and provide against disaster.

Lift with me your eyes and see that great national highways have been constructed at the nation's expense and how these have operated to dissipate the cold shades of isolation and to relieve the dull routine of ordinary life. Now the humblest citizen can bundle his whole

family into a Ford car, go away on a joyous holiday, forget the care of his life and do it all for the expense entailed in the travel of one in years gone by.

In days gone by, we thought in national terms and talked in national tongues and labored under national limitations. Now our national boundaries for many purposes are being demolished and we are thinking in terms of the wide, wide world, and in the language of human needs and human sorrows. How has the whole thing come about? It has slipped in upon us with such little observation that we have scarcely noticed its coming. We are waking up to find out how far we have travelled and how much we have gained, and sometimes we are reluctant to bear the expense of the gain.

We are short of money. We cannot spend as much as we once did, and so we are making a loud complaint, oblivious all the time to the priceless gifts which have come in such abundance to us in recent years. These have marched into our lives through science, invention, legislation, medicine, world-wide thinking and world-wide planning. Can any one deny that the world is "marching on," moving upward in great rising spirals towards that era of which poets and prophets and reformers have dreamed, outward "to the federation of the world and the parliament of man"?

A woman writer says there are many people who cannot live on an income of £5,000 a year. Box says it's a cinch, he can't. Ugh!

## *Came the Dawn (April 28th)*



EVERYTHING was hustle and bustle. Bundles, bags, and boys loaded on a truck and away to the beach. Autos came and departed northward, hauling their howling hosts. Finally we all got there. Over a hundred of us. Robertson House, Gimli. And the S.C.M. spring camp was under way. The lake was a solid mass of ice and a rather chill wind blew up and that night we shivered at the prospect of undressing and getting to bed. A few had brought hot water bottles—they just couldn't take it. Then we finally crawled under a great mountain of bedding and dozed off. All was silence except for an occasional high hysterical giggle from upstairs or a deep bass chortle from downstairs, which, however, soon died away and all was peace.

Thus began one of the finest spring camps held in Manitoba, with the finest members of the university present. The camp leaders came from all sides. Mr. MacLean from the First Presbyterian Church, Canon Herklots from St. John's College, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stewart from the University of Southern Manitoba, Mr and Mrs. Homer Lane from points north, east, west, and south. Murray Brooks from the S.C.M. offices, Toronto, Dr. Vlastos from Queen's University.

Jobs were portioned out amid much wailing and gnashing of teeth—water, wood, potato peeling, dish washing, table waiting (not to mention table lifting by the "Bears"). The

daily routine kept us busy. Chapel at 8 a.m., breakfast at 8:15, volleyball at 9:00, group meeting 9:30 to 10:45, volleyball *en masse*, more groups, dinner, more "Bears," walks along the shore, talks on the steps, sunburn, forum at 5:00, supper at 6:00, games, chats, new-found friends, the evening talk and discussion, the sharing of the day's thoughts, prayers. A final rush to the kitchen for last-minute eats, a walk in the moonlight, and so to bed, dreams, indigestion, and "Bear" calls. Burrs in the bed, thistles, dead fish! Oh, well!

This all is camp from the "outside." Now let us view the inside, the real camp. There was a deepening of life, a building of character, a revision of values, and a closer and finer contact with Jesus, altogether inexpressible. We, one and all, found an old religion and built a new life. Dr. Vlastos, the most loved member of the camp, captured our hearts and minds by his sympathetic understanding, and wealth of experience in the deep things of life. To him and to our other leaders we took all our troubles, little and big and were helped and strengthened.

But why go on with words which can never say what we want to express? We can only say that no one of us, unless he be a traitor to his better self, can but build spring camp into his life and live toward those new worlds and new ideals that were so well given to us during that week, the finest week we have ever spent.

—A.M.S.

## *The Place of the S.C.M. in the University*

The highest single honor tenable by a student in a university is the Rhodes' Scholarship. Selection is made by noting whether the student conforms to the four standards of good citizenship; namely, intellectual, social, physical, and devotional.

The university ably looks after the three of these standards, but only in an obscure way is the devotional side attended to. Thus in brief we may state that the Student Christian Movement tries to add and build up the fourth side of a rounded preparatory training.

Referring again to a proper type of scholar we find he should possess qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship. The fourth clause in Mr. Rhodes will (not recorded here) does set the Rhodes Scholar apart from his fellow students, but clause three as stated should be the goal and ideal of any seeker who wishes to develop himself or herself for public duty after graduating.

The contribution that the Student Christian Movement offers to any student may fittingly be described in clause three. It does not mention religion, but it does mention the attributes which make up a good Christian life. This is what the S.C.M. is trying to do. It wants the student to link himself up with God: to try and see his life in relation to his fellow human beings; to set aside a brief period each week for careful thinking about Christianity and modern

social problems; to bring his own mental and physical qualities to bear on his own life adjustment by a serious and conscientious desire to better his spiritual understanding of the "why" of a university student. The S.C.M. can provide this brief period of training in a suitable environment better than any other council or body of students can. The S.C.M. as a movement has a world-wide concept with strong organizations in all the great countries of the world. Many religions and races are back of the movement. Surely such a wide background is worthy the support of every university student. The movement is not founded on creed, but rather on a desire to further the brotherhood of man as exemplified in the life of Christ, and to promote a greater self-realization of human beings. The right social conception and adjustments.

The S.C.M. has therefore a very important place in the University and if any student seeks the gateway to true wisdom and understanding and a realization of a need for training for later public duties, let him study the aims and ideas of the Student Christian Movement and seek to ally himself with it.

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Frosh: "Why is it that a black cow gives white milk that makes yellow butter?"

Soph: "For the same reason that a freshman turns red when he is green, sap!"

## *Buried Alive*

**T**HIS place of which we speak has a name of its own, but for the time being let us call it Euclid's Point—"having position but no magnitude." Euphemistically, it is referred to by the local proletariat as "the town." Actually, it is a rather hideous huddle of a hamlet whose name might be construed as Spanish for "No Paint." Specifically, it is a group of, perhaps, a score of bare wooden buildings, of various degrees of ugliness, housing a population representative of several nationalities. The chief reason for its existence seems to be the fact that apparently it wasn't considered worth while to extend the railroad any further and thus "Euclid's Point" is really one of the terminals of a great transportation system—although it looks more like a butt end, one of those places where one may get off the train and then wonder why! Apart from the two events provided each week by the railway company there are three main attractions—two gas pumps and a beer parlor. Beverage by the pail is obtainable from the community waterworks, at the corner of Main Street and the Great Beyond.

After passing seven buildings in any direction from the one man-power water supply system one is beyond the suburbs and out in the open country, such as it is. It really is quite open, although many other descriptive adjectives have been used in reference. In most sections there is enough soil to keep the stones from touching each other, but scarcely sufficient to keep the

farmers off the rocks. Low, rolling ridges are clothed with just enough scrubby bush to suggest that the face of Mother Earth needs a shave. From the low-lying meadows, wide-ranging cattle secure almost enough feed to repair the wastage caused by flies and mosquitos, while here and there are patches of land with foundation-fragments sufficiently far apart to encourage, at least for a time, hopes and hard labor. To have taken such land away from the natives seems a real dog-in-the-manger trick, and as for rationing it out to ex-soldiers as a fitting recognition of their services overseas—well, if that is gratitude, what would ill-will have done? Yet, it is settled with scattered homesteads, often two miles from house to house, connected by roads that are called such by courtesy and isolated by distance and occupation from a great deal of social activity common to older and more prosperous communities.

To one accustomed to city life existence in such a district might well seem to be not merely "exempt from public haunt," but quite "outlandish." Many whose experiences and preferences are bound up with the conveniences and advantages found in large centres of population regard an appointment to such areas as a great misfortune, and express commiseration for friends thus "buried alive" in "that awful place."

But the extent to which solicitude and pity of that kind are justified or wasted depends almost entirely upon the supposed victim, for whom such a situa-

tion usually is a good test, and may be largely beneficial. At least it should make clear the truth in the saying, "Be your own palace or the world's your jail," truth which applies equally to life in city or country. And nowhere does the true value of education appear to such marked advantage—if it be education that is something more than mere technical preparation for money-making—as when a cultured personality is set down amid an environment of the kind indicated. The advantages of college training are then seen in clearer light and truer perspective, and may be much more fully utilized for enrichment of life than amid the many competing factors of the throbbing activities of the city.

And there is another point for consideration, better illustrated than discussed. At just such a place as "Euclid's Point" there is a high school teacher "buried alive," who volunteered for work in just such a human backwater because he felt that he had a contribution to make to communities of that kind. In a quiet, kindly, unobtrusive way he has realized his ideal of service where leadership often is most badly needed, an ideal born of the idea that education involves some measure of obligation to share its benefits with the less fortunate. It is an ideal that does not necessarily involve a lifetime spent on the frontiers; it does demand some sharing, and some service where the need is great. "We laugh at his little peculiarities, but we love him just the same. He has done a great deal for this district." Such is the tribute paid to one whose own theory of education is that

it should make monetary considerations relatively unimportant.

People of this type may be "buried alive," but surely pity is not to be their portion. And they put a new and vital meaning into situations to which that commiserating phrase is usually applied. Long life to their interred animation!

T.A.P.

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### SOME ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES FOR LIFE

(Continued from page 12)

towards peace," they are "new century ideals."

Jesus Christ is their living definition.

In His life, the Spirit never was quenched.

In His life, instructions — prophesyings—were never despised.

In His life, everything was brought to the final test.

In His life, He held fast to all that was good for Himself or for others.

In His life, He was so free from evil that no spot of wrong ever stained Him.

The sure way for success in our lives is that we shall individually accept Jesus Christ as our Lord and Master, follow Him in our lives, and become His followers in fact as well as in the formalities of life.

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Stark (in second-hand book store): "Have you Dickens' 'Cricket on the Hearth'?"

Salesman: "No, sir, but I can show you a very good table tennis set."

## *The Theological Race*

On your mark! Get set! Ready! Go! They're off! Around the track they tore with seven laps to go. Tore? No, in truth they really jogged along, quickening their pace at intervals of half a lap. Yes, seven years ago a group of theological runners bravely started out; and now that group, or what is left of it, has reached the finishing tape.

Kneeling, waiting for the starter's pistol that day, were four stalwarts: W. Conly, J. Brown, R. Peden, and H. Harland. One or two more were running along the sides—later to join the race—at that time frisking along like March hares or spring colts. For anyone who had ears that could hear the still, sad music of humanity, could have picked up the sound of one running as though he "had tidings in his mouth"—making record time up Matriculation Grade, to arrive one year late to be in line. Sam Parsons, for it was he, was not daunted by this handicap, and set out to run the race anyway—what was a mere year to him!

The number of contestants increased after one lap. As they came around, R. J. Love, and K. McKillop, who had been taking it easy, got up, yawned and stretched and swung into line, getting into step nicely in spite of all customary verdant idiosyncracies. About that time L. Stinson, who had been doing nicely, taking his distance beside them on the sod, decided that the footing was better on the track, and so he, too, got into line.

On they went, lap after lap—and all was quiet on the Western

front, save where the peace was somewhat disturbed by the distant rumbling as Sam came streaming on—yet a long way behind. Brown, being an Irishman, in some manner obtained permission to get the cart before the horse, to the end that he missed the third and fourth laps, going on with the fifth, agreeing to run with one foot in the third and fourth, while the other did duty in sixth and seventh—which performance he pulled off nicely, displaying his acrobatic gifts, finishing his last lap one year before his prosaic fellow-runners.

Four laps proved so strenuous that Peden called time; and is still getting his breath. McKillop also took the count of 365 but came up one lap later as fresh as a daisy.

The boys burst forth in the fifth lap with renewed energy. Their ranks were suddenly swelled. One must have a thorough knowledge of Relativity and plane geometry to understand it all. Parsons all at once appeared in line—doing the distance behind him and ahead of him at the same time, smiling as the distance behind relatively approached zero. Joe Wiznuk appeared as a bolt out of the blue, Calder waved a magic wand—and presto there he was! A. M. Smith—a Scotsman with an English accent!—measured their stride for a lap, and then knowing the pace, went back to show the boys in the earlier laps what speed really was! Coming in at a tangent to join the company appeared Dunc Wilkie and

Stan Knowles, two well-tried distance runners, having come from Brandon to test out a new track. To their surprise standing by the roadside pawing the ground impatiently was Bill Hughes, who had been over to Edinburgh and back while waiting for them to catch up.

On they went: the cinders whistling under their feet. As they neared the tape, Knowles set the pace, arrived first, and copped off the medal. Sam crossed next—he is a type all his own. The others, Stinson, Hughes, Love, Wilkie, Conly, Calder, Wiznuk, and Harland also ran, each drawing a deep breath when the line was reached.

So the race is ended. On Memory's book is written its story which time may fade but never erase. The Theological class of '33 has reached the tape. The race will serve but as practice in the great Race which life will afford. The end is in reality the beginning. On your mark! Get set! Ready! Go!

—H.J.H., Theo. '33.

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REV. JOHN E. LANE, D.D.  
(*Honoris Causa*)

(Continued from page 29)

man of the Presbyteries of the districts in which he has been located.

When the Senate of Wesley College conferred the degree upon Mr. Lane, it honored the college as well as the recipient. His interest and efforts on behalf of higher education have been continuous and fruitful. Wesley College has reason to be grateful to him for the number and

type of students which have enrolled in her classes from the various fields on which he has served. Not least among those who came to Wesley from these communities were his son, Rev. Homer R. Lane, a graduate in Arts of 1925 and in Theology of 1929, and his daughter, Miss Gwen J. Lane, a graduate of this year.

In the seven communities named, and in others far beyond their borders, are a countless number of people who have seen life's meaning more clearly, who have felt life's experiences more deeply, and who have lived their own lives more worthily, because of their contacts or associations with the sincere, well-balanced, and unselfish life of John Lane. And in all this splendid ministry Mr. Lane has had the loyal and self-sacrificing support of his sympathetic and courageous associate, Mrs. Lane. Theirs is a fine companionship, and with their mutual understanding of individual needs and community problems, the work which they are doing becomes increasingly important in these distressing days.

Vox joins with a host of friends in extending to Dr. and Mrs. Lane its most cordial congratulations and sincere good wishes.

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R. Mc.: "There are lots of girls who don't want to get married."

Bews: "How do you know?"

R. Mc.: "I've asked them."

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Room: "Hey, there! Don't spit on the floor."

Mate: "'s matter? Floor leak?"

## *In Our Backwoods*

By C. C., 3?

### *CULTIVATION:*

- 1904—Howdy, Jim! See you've got the shack built and the garden clearing ready."  
 1911—"Five acres under crop; we're gettin' there!"  
 1918—"Got 40 acres under cultivation now, and ten more to break this summer."  
 1925—"Seeded 180 acres this spring; got 29 bushels to the acre."  
 1933—"This here grubbing away don't pay. I'm taking a little trip back East this summer to see the old folks."

\* \* \*

### *SOCIAL LIFE:*

- 1904—"We'll hook up the team and all go over to Clark's barn dance. It's only 30 miles."  
 1911—"Guess we'd better take in the box social down the river. It's only ten miles."  
 1918—"Let's go over to the schoolhouse, for the looks of it at least—it's only three miles anyway."  
 1925—"Morgan's having a party. They've one o' them new-fangled radios."  
 1933—"These country dances are the berries. Let's drive to town and go to a talkie—then out to Mack's Road House for midnight supper."

\* \* \*

### *TRANSPORTATION:*

- 1904—"Goodness gracious! A brand new wagon! Things is lookin' up!"  
 1911—"What? a buggy? Gee whillikins!"  
 1918—"By dad, an automobile!; toney's the word now!"  
 1925—"Gol darn! another flivver? Why, last year's wasn't hardly worn a bit."  
 1933—"Yes sir, John, she's got eight cylinders."

\* \* \*

### *MAIL:*

- 1904—"Wished we could get some letters through. Ain't heard from the folks for now on two months."  
 1911—"Can you squeeze our letters in somewhere, Cy? No mail for a month."  
 1918—"By gum! That new Post Office acrosst the river oughta get us mail every fortnight anyhow."  
 1925—"Mail once a week is too slow. They's circulatin' a petition to get it twice a week."  
 1933—"That mail driver's the bunk. Late twice this week. If he ain't on time tomorrow . . ."

## EDUCATION:

- 1904—"I'm sendin the kids down home to the folks to get a mite o' schoolin'."
- 1911—"By gum, the schoolhouse's finished at last!"
- 1918—"Six months a year ain't enough. We oughta keep it open eight at least."
- 1925—"Mabel's engaged for next term. She's the third local schoolmarm."
- 1933—"Bill and Grace took honors at college this term, and John won a swell scholarship."

## VALEDICTORY—THEOLOGY, '33

(Continued from page 19)

is my religion." We are convinced that there is work to do, and our hope is that we may play a part, great or small, in helping to establish a Reign of Justice.

Thus we look to the future with mixed feelings of expectancy and hope, and yet with some perplexity. But there is an urge from within to take up the challenge of life and enter the great struggle. Throughout the whole of nature there throbs this surge of power, urging life on to its self-realization. There is some curious instinct within the world that is not meant to stagnate and die. Call it the principle of Evolution, or call it God, it sweeps through the whole of life. It is the urge of the soul for its completion, the quest of the soul for God. That conviction comes pulsing up in the hearts of men, beats in the music of the poets, takes wings in the dreams of the idealist, and is justified by the stern voice of science. It is the push and pull of potentiality calling us on to higher service and nobler regions of thought, feeling and achievement.

With this I conclude, and on behalf of the graduating class, bid you farewell.

*I Met a Bonnie Lass*

9 met a bonnie lass;  
 She seemed a trifle shy.  
 I eyed her long and wistfully—  
 And passed her by!

Now she's a wedded wife,  
 But single still am I:  
 Because I eyed her wistfully . . .  
 And passed her by!

—T. S., '35.

## *This Intelligent Generation*

The myth that man is a rational animal should be pretty well exploded by now. This pretty legend goes back to the Greeks—according to Aristotle, reason was the *differentia* that set man off from the lower animals—and all the chief philosophic schools down to our own time have perpetuated it. Now, however, we know better. The modern revolt from reason starts with William James—man is no longer a reasoning being who foresees ends and fits means to ends in a purposive, meaningful attempt to reach the ideal ends his reason has prescribed for him. He is the victim of half-submerged instincts and irrational emotional complexes—no longer can we expect him (as Aristotle did) to think things through and act in accordance with right reason—he is at the mercy of all-powerful forces below the level of consciousness, and those stronger powers are at the mercy of—but we must not anticipate the argument.

Now we have only to look around us today to see the effect that this changed view of human nature has had upon our social and economic life. It is taken for granted that ordinary men and women do not think, and so far from any attempt being made to stir them up to thought "*popular newspapers and politicians seem to accept with resignation, if not with positive joy, the unthinkingness of their readers and hearers and devote themselves to exploiting and playing upon it. They study feverishly the psychology of advertisement, suggestion and salesmanship. Strange doctors*

*of philosophy in the U.S. and elsewhere write books to show that people will buy more bad pills or bad books or vote for more bad politicians if those objects are praised in red letters on black or black letters on red, or green letters on gold, or if they are associated with pictures and stories that excite sexual interest; or if the contrary course can somehow be associated with something which they already know and dislike, such as indigestion and rheumatism.*" (Gilbert Murray). Here there is no appeal to the reasoning powers of the human being—rationality is far below par—what we suffer meekly from advertisers both in the press, over the air on hoardings and elsewhere, would put to shame a really intelligent generation and would make the Greeks blush for the future of the race. After perusing some common advertisements it is a wonder that any of us feel fit to live. (Perhaps we are not, by Jove!)

The advertiser affects such a concern for our welfare that it seems crass ingratitude not to buy his product; it is a feat of the intellect of which few of us are capable to realize that he is merely concerned with the profits accruing from the sale of his wares, that as long as he can "sell" the idea to the public he cares little how misleading the advertising is, or how low the emotion to which it appeals. Nothing, surely, would explode the theory that man is a rational animal like the study of this modern social disease called advertising! The tragedy is that the very people who succumb to

this disease are in their political rights, sovereign communities supposed to have power and ability to guide a great nation in its destinies and to adjust its relation to the wider interests of humanity as a whole. Here the advertiser knows us better than did the Fathers of Democracy!

Yet the politicians have never been under any illusion as to the rationality of human beings. He has always made his appeal to the sub-human. The problem is whether reason can take over the helm before instinct, passions and popular prejudices carry us on to the rocks of destruction. Consider the General Election in Great Britain two years ago. The Conservative Party spent thousands of pounds plastering brick walls and hoardings with a picture of Stanley Baldwin smoking his favorite briar. To what purpose? In what way could that be considered as suggesting an intelligent reason why people should vote for the "National" Government? But, of course, the idea was not to get people to think—rather the reverse—the idea was so to play upon their emotions and natural impulses as to get them to vote in a certain way. Hardly the manner in which our forefathers expected democracy to function! (Though Carlyle tried to warn them). Nevertheless, here we are—we face a world in chaos, seemingly insuperable difficulties await solution and politicians and industrialists climb to power and wealth by ignoring the reasoning faculties of the electorate whom they are supposed to serve and whose will is sovereign!

To quote Professor Murray again: *"Are we really such born fools? Are we content that this should be so, content that people who wish us to buy their goods or vote for their interests should be able to twist us around their fingers by playing on other unthinking, unreasoning animal instincts below the threshold? Surely if the psychologists have shown us that we are mostly guided in our actions by all kinds of blind and unrealized forces, that should only awaken us to our extreme danger?"* Does not the University graduate come in right here? He, unless he has wasted his time, should have some conception of an end in life other than the mere making a living. *"There are two ways of living,"* says Julian Huxley, the biologist, *"a man may be casual and simply exist or constructive and deliberately try to do something with his life. The constructive idea implies constructiveness not only about one's own life, but about that of society, and the future possibilities of humanity."* Men and women who have enjoyed the privilege of a University training should be a bulwark in society against the encroachments of an irrational, debasing and dehumanizing political and economic system. They should be concerned with the qualitative not the quantitative side of life; that is, they should have standards and the courage to bring all life to the test of those standards.

This is what T. H. Huxley many years ago called *"the checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of what may be called*

(Continued on page 47)

## To Our Graduates

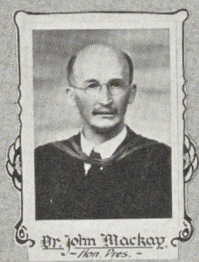


VOX offers its congratulations to Class '33—the largest class ever to graduate from this institution. The Theologians who complete their course this year are also a more numerous body than in recent years—to them Vox extends its best wishes for joy and success in their work.

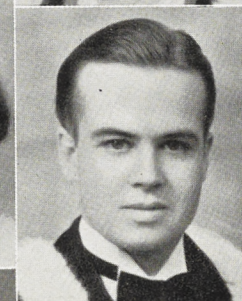
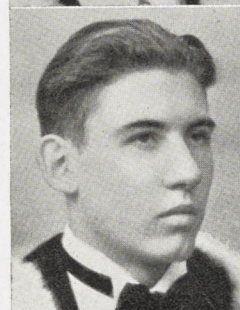
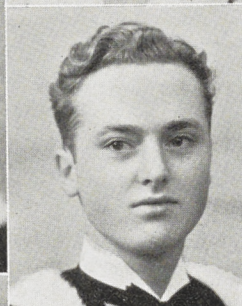
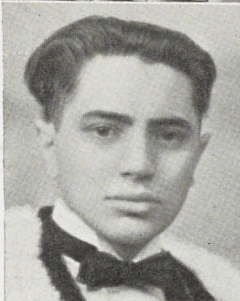
Graduation is often referred to as *from* a particular University. It is really nothing of the sort—one graduates *into* a University as the Chancellor utters those magic words, "I admit you." We can wish nothing better for our graduates than that they should remember this and ever carry with them the ideals and vision they caught at college, striving always to be worthy of their *Alma Mater*, to whom forever they now belong.

This year, the numbers of our graduating classes have swollen so considerably that it has been found necessary to abandon the traditional grad "write-ups," and the special inset which follows has been substituted.

It is worthy of note that students of United Colleges have in the past year acquitted themselves particularly well in the academic field, thus bringing to their *Alma Mater* distinction in keeping with her enhanced status in the University. Winners of Isbister Scholarships are recorded elsewhere, but we must particularly mention here Donald McGavin, who headed all students in the University for second year work, and Gertrude Parsons and Frances Weekes who, in that order, led all other first year students. This has indeed been a year of achievement. May the future find here some of that inspiration necessary for even greater accomplishment.



# United Colleges Graduates 1-9-3-3



## *Arts Graduates*

### *First Column:*

MORRIS A. ALPERT, B.A.  
SIGRUN ANDERSON, B.A.  
SARA C. AVERBACH, B.A.  
GILBERT BOX, B.Sc.  
EILEEN BROAD, B.A.

### *Second Column:*

LILLIAN R. BUGGEY, B.A.  
JOHN M. CONKLIN  
MARGARET L. COUPAR  
M. MURIEL DAVIDSON, B.A.  
WARD DUNSHEATH, B.A.

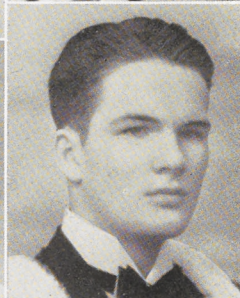
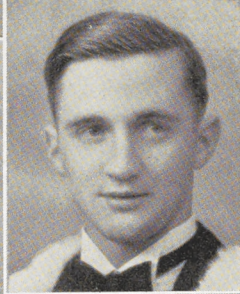
## Arts Graduates

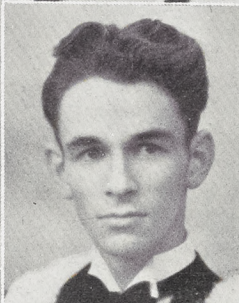
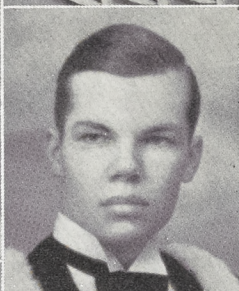
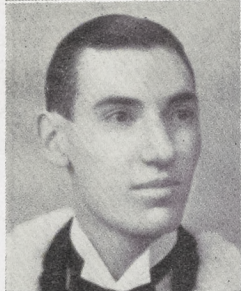
### First Column:

ALLAN L. DYKER, B.A.  
MARJORIE C. ELLIOTT, B.A.  
RUTH M. ELVIN, B.A.  
CONSTANCE FRASER, B.A.  
JEAN A. FRASER, B.A.  
*Lady Stick*

### Second Column:

CLEVE C. GERRY  
HELOISE GOLDSTEIN, B.A.  
LYLA M. GRAHAM, B.A.  
ARCHIE G. GREENAWAY, B.A.  
W. ARTHUR HAIG, B.A.





## Arts Graduates

### First Column:

CUTHBERT R. HOOLE  
EDNA J. HOWLETT, B.A.  
JEAN C. HUNTER, B.A.  
COLIN E. JACK  
(4th Year Honors)  
RAGNA JOHNSON, B.A.

### Second Column:

BROCKWELL C. KING  
(4th Year Honors)  
STANLEY H. KNOWLES, B.A.  
(Candidate for M.A.)  
ALEXANDRA KRETT, B.A.  
WALLACE J. LANDRETH, B.A.  
GWENDOLYN J. LANE, B.A.

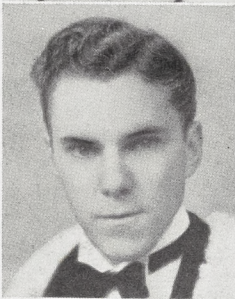
# Arts Graduates

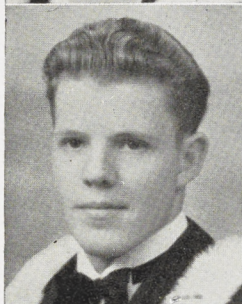
## First Column:

BONNIE LEVIN, B.A.  
ROBERT J. LIBERT  
ADA LOBAN, B.A.  
M. RAY LOREE, B.A.  
JESSIE H. LUDWIG, B.A.

## Second Column:

E. NADINE LUSH, B.A.  
KATHARINE E. MacKAY, B.A.  
LILLIAN G. MacKENZIE, B.A.  
GRACE T. McCLELLAN, B.A.  
MABEL A. McCONNELL, B.A.





## *Arts Graduates*

### *First Column:*

ROBERTA MacDOUGALL, B.A.  
ELSIE E. McLEAN, B.A.  
JACK A. McMURPHY, B.A.  
IDA V. MEDOVY, B.A.  
ALICE MILLER, B.A.

### *Second Column:*

HELEN MOFFETT, B.A.  
ALICE E. MORRISON, B.A.  
HELEN E. MORRISON, B.A.  
HELEN D. MORTON, B.A.  
ANNIE M. MURPHY, B.A.

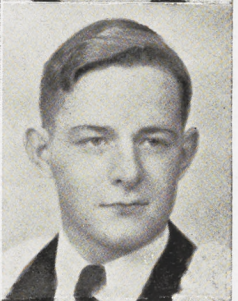
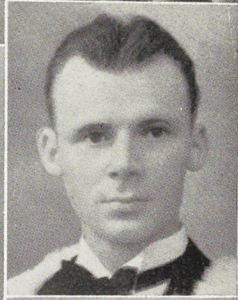
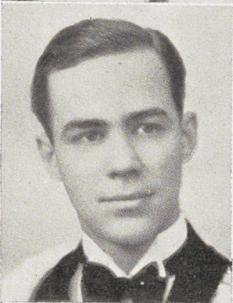
## Arts Graduates

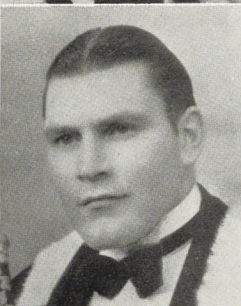
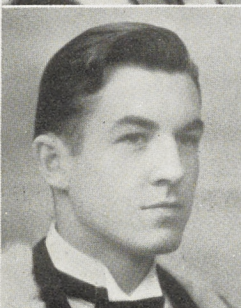
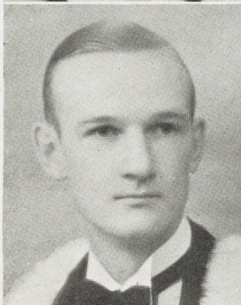
### *First Column:*

CONSTANCE OFFEN, B.A.  
WILLIAM G. ONIONS, B.A.  
MAISIE PANAR, B.A.  
VAUGHAN H. PERRY, B.A.  
ALICE E. POOLE, B.A.

### *Second Column:*

GERALD B. PUNTER, B.A.  
LILLIAN RENNIE, B.A.  
EDNA M. REX, B.A.  
ZELMA RIPSTEIN, B.A.  
JAMES B. ROBINSON, B.Sc.





MABEL WILLIAMS, B.A.

## Arts Graduates

### First Column:

M. ALICE SHANKS, B.A.  
 WILLIAM M. SHAW, B.A.  
 KATHLEEN M. SINCLAIR, B.A.  
 G. MERVYN C. SPRUNG, B.A.  
 (President, Fourth Year)  
 PHILIP J. STARK, B.A.  
 Senior Stick

### Second Column:

LILLIAN STEPHENS, B.A.  
 HELEN M. TEMPLETON, B.A.  
 JANET F. WALKER, B.A.  
 CLARICE WHITEKER, B.A.  
 MIRIAM L. WILDER, B.A.

## *Collegiate Department Graduates*

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### GRADE TWELVE

Alexander, Margaret	Halls, Raymond	Miller, Margaret
Anderson, Dorcas	Harasym, Jennie	Murray, Harold
Anderson, Orde	Hart, David	Nixon, Kathleen
Andrew, Edith	Henry, Betty	Nixon, Wesley
Barber, Elaine	Hladun, William	Norman, Osborne
Bell, Frances	Horne, Marion	Olsen, Kristin
Bjornson, Gudmundur	Houston, Lorena	Owen, Elena
Blake, Margaret	Howe, Margaret	Pelton, Edward
Bowes, Frances	Hunkewich, William	Price, Beryl
Bowley, Helen	Hunter, Georgina	Pugh, Stewart
Boyaniwsky, Taras	Hunter, Meta	Robson, Clifford
Burnett, Irene	Jackson, Kathleen	Rowley, Minnie
Buschau, Reynold	Jamieson, John	Sangster, Richard
Carson, James	Jones, Thelma	Schwartz, Patricia
Comba, Stewart	Kinley, Ross	Segal, Sarah
Crombie, Hector	Krawchuk, Olga	Side, William
Davies, David	Laidlaw, Margaret	Sim, George
Demitrak, William	Lewis, Queenie	Stevenson, Olga
Dewar, Neil	Liddell, Gwendolyn	Stokes, Frank
Drulak, William	Lloyd, Lillian	Strong, John
Eustace, Alice	Lough, Spencer	Taylor, Betty
Fahrni, Phyllis	Ludlam, Vera	Thibadeau, Eleanor
Farndale, Audrey	Lymburner, Amy	Wach, John
Fenny, Walter	MacGregor, Marjorie	Waddell, Duff
Fletcher, Evelyn	MacLean, Margaret	Watson, Mary
Gallop, Hubert	Manning, Marjorie	Webster, Constance
Gayfer, Margaret	Markovitch, Fred	Wellwood, Eileen
Gerrie, Dorothy	Martin, Mildred	White, Robert
Gibson, John	Maxfield, John	Wilkinson, Dorothy
Gorski, Michael	McRae, Donald	Williams, Sarah
Gustafson, Milton	Merryweather, Hazel	Young, Robert

### GRADE ELEVEN

Argue, Robert	Hagel, Frank	Reeves, Kathleen
Black, Elizabeth	Haig, Allison	Sagness, Leslie
Bowering, Reginald	Halloran, William	Sharp, Margaret
Carberry, James	Hughes, Dickson	Shoup, Helen
Cawthorne, Henry	Lough, Spencer	Simmons, Lloyd
De Jong, Johanna	Low, Thomas	Smith, Ernest
Donahue, Ruth	MacFarlane, John	Solilak, Nicholas
Earle, Allan	McGregor, Donald	Stephens, Ann
Earle, Marion	McKidd, George	Wolfe, William
Friebert, Anthony	Manning, Marjorie	Wright, Hamilton
Hagel, Donald	Park, Velma	

## About Nothing in Particular

I was coming into Winnipeg from my home town in the country for convocation. I hadn't been thinking much about it, but left alone with a magazine in the hot, dusty day-coach, I could think of nothing else. Magazines are unsatisfying at the best of times with their highly dramatic tales, all of the same calibre, except for an occasional change of scenery, or a slightly varied crisis, or the suspense shortened or protracted. They all deal with a heroine or hero into whose places we force our own personalities, whether those same people are attractive or otherwise.

But, as I said before, I began to think of graduation. Is there anything quite so discouraging as knowledge? It's so elusive! Here was I, worried by thoughts, sitting opposite a man and woman, who weren't, because they hadn't been trained to think. Were they not happier than I? They could find satisfaction in a *True Story Magazine*, or the ordinary chit-chat of the erstwhile acquaintance of a train trip. They could interest each other in the doings of Garbo—the time the train would arrive—whether the wife of So-and-So was one of the Such-and-Such of Hickville, etc. The pensive-faced girl on my magazine cover, with the wavy auburn hair didn't entice me in the least, not even enough to make me wonder whether I could make a dress with sleeves like hers.

As I was saying, knowledge is discouraging. Graduation seems to make only the first milepost

on a journey ending in infinity. If we were to advertise knowledge, we might say, in the jargon of a biscuit company, "Eat more—want more." Most of the grads have reached the goal-post, having just had a taste: they want to eat more, but how can they get it? You can't display knowledge: what good is it to recite to your friends that you have graduated in Latin or Economics or History, when you have only touched the outer boundaries of such vast subjects? What have we got to show for four years in doing something presumably worthwhile, but a graduation picture or a white evening gown? People tell me I should be pleased and jump for joy on reaching graduation. They believe I'm becoming sceptical, and perhaps I am. Scepticism has been well described as "the raw attempt of the worldly man to appear wise," so I quickly changed the subject of my thoughts.

Isn't it queer how the things seem to jump at you when you pass them on the train? The fence-posts and telephone poles are like the hands of the clocks that jump a minute at a time. My thoughts turned from such material things as telephone poles to the landscape, on which I pondered in my usual deep fashion. One of my great loves is the Manitoba countryside. I know there are grasshoppers and mosquitoes and dry years and parched grass and flat places, but love is blind and I see only the fairylands. After all, anywhere you go, you can see what you want if you look

for it (for example, the beginning of a scandal).

The rain, one of the first spring showers, had ceased, and the world was all bright again and smiling. It's rather odd about the first spring rain. All nature seems to be a little afraid of it and cringes a little, seeming to dread that it may be a little touch of winter once more, but after the first shock is over, all the crocuses and leaves and grass perk up and ask for more. The dainty spring greenness had only appeared about a week before. The little valleys with their baby rivers were so pretty. A little pond where I am sure many frogs sang, had a fairy ring of feathery willows and poplars aiming ever higher and higher to the white clouds. Trees are so much like people. Some are ugly, some are ordinary, some are perfect in their beauty. But they all know they are part

of a big picture. They have their joys and sorrows and struggles. Some of the ugliest ones are the happiest, for often they possess the best nooks for the nests of birds, while their beautiful neighbors are absolutely ignored and are denied the glory of service. What does it matter if a tree is bald, or withered, or in a poor situation or crowded by others. Mankind might grumble, but not so the tree. It hangs on to life in the hope that it may be a shelter or decoration or may even serve by its death in firewood or paper.

Here and there are black fields with a soft green hair of grain which makes you feel like stroking it. The cows are glad to be out in the spring air. They lazily gaze at the train rushing by, and wonder placidly at the thoughtless burrying existence of men.

C.O., '33.

## ADDRESS TO THE THEOLOGICAL GRADUATES

(Continued from page 27)

*point, yet at bottom whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has?"*

Gentlemen, the preacher who is the minister of God is the real master of society, because he forms its ideals and through them rules and guides its life. Let no man take thy crown.

## Prairie Crocus

*Crocus by the road,  
Couched in sorry grass:  
Sunbeams on the wind  
Kiss thee as they pass—  
Woo thee as a lad  
Woos a bonnie lass.*

*Crocus by the road,  
Live thy fill today!  
Sunbeams on the wind  
Kiss thee on thy way.  
Wooing days are few—  
Yonder passes May!*

—T.S., '35.

## VALEDICTORY—ARTS, '33

(Continued from page 23)

is doing us some good. That the unit system is effete is recognized by more progressive universities in the East; yet we shall in all probability have to wait until any change has swept the Western States before we can have any hope of its penetrating here. Wisdom and knowledge cannot be mathematically calculated. Besides, with set units of work to be gone through in the usual perfunctory manner for the edification of the dullards, the more intelligent strata lose interest in the work, and if the effect of the opiate is kept up for four years, a potentially intelligent mind may be ruined for life. At the same time the person with the dull mind gets out on the streets, finds he cannot do anything, and has articles written about himself in the local newspaper, saying what a terrible institution university is. Oil and water do not mix, and we might as well recognize the fact. If Wesley College dared, she could set up an institution of which there would not be another similar on the continent, outside of Dr. Flexner's experiments in the graduate sphere. It would probably necessitate the breaking away from the State university, but such in the end would be highly beneficial, to Wesley. Johns Hopkins Medical School started up in a small way, refused to compromise its high standards by uniting with anyone else, worked for a decade in a modest way, began to receive gifts, was accorded recognition, and today has become one of the most potent and influential forces in the world in

the field of medical science. Why must we in Manitoba clothe ourselves in the outworn garments cast off by bolder institutions in the East?

The numbers allowed to attend our ideal college must be very much fewer than at present, for a province as small as Manitoba; and those who are not admitted should pursue directly instruction in a chosen profession or line of direction. A diminution of numbers would probably not be necessary as concerns the present classes that are attending Wesley; but it is conceivable that at other times there would not be such a brilliant group. If culture is very dry for many, culture should not be compromised so that the many may imbibe it in a diluted form. It is better, I think, that we should discriminate *at college* rather than place a graduate school above the college. For by the time a man leaves a graduate school he is well on in his twenties, and especially in an inland district, it is necessary that he should travel as soon as he turns his twenties as possible. He should travel for about three years, then return and carry on for a year as a scholar or as a cultured gentleman in the practical world.

I am making a plea, ladies and gentlemen, for the hallowing of our temples of wisdom, the preservation of the treasures therein and the adequate training of the Vestal Virgins to preserve and add to the treasures. If it is a race between education and catastrophe, catastrophe will only be hastened if we demean

the universities to serve the purposes of the grosser members of mankind. We must plan now, we must plan new courses in every subject of cultural value that we might have funds for carrying on, we must do away with all student activities and let students organize voluntarily whatever society might actually be useful to them. We must do away with the course system, we must allow a student to leave college when he pleases, our study must centre around an enlarged library, but in doing that our tutors will really have a more significant part to play in our education than they have now.

I dare say you would have passed off my remarks as nonsense in, shall we say, 1913: or even in 1929. But whether you agree with me or not, ladies and gentlemen, at least you will listen to me; and I rather fancy that some of you will agree with me. I believe the world will follow *any* leader today. *Only* a man with a deep knowledge of philosophy, history, English and the sciences can hope to find a way out. Our universities must refuse to train our democracies down to a Procrustean level of general uselessness. Nor should we be content with an aristocratic minority of supermen. Education may only rest satisfied that it has done its elementary work when all have reached the summit, out of the pit. If we accept progress in this sense and not in any hazy sense that democracy must be served, we may say with Browning:

*"Progress is  
The law of life, man is not Man  
as yet,*

*Nor shall I deem his object  
served, his end  
Attained, his genuine strength  
put fairly forth,  
While only here and there a star  
dispels  
The darkness, here and there a  
towering mind  
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows:  
when the host  
Is out at once to the despair of  
night,  
When all mankind alike is  
perfected,  
Equal in full-blown powers---  
then, not till then,  
I say, begins man's general  
infancy."*

---

REV. R. H. LOWRY, D.D.  
(*Honoris Causa*)

(Continued from page 28)

to the musical services, and the devotional life of the people to both of which they made great contributions.

Since coming to Gladstone five years ago, Dr. and Mrs. Lowry have won for themselves a large place not only in the congregation and town, but throughout the countryside. Dr. Lowry has led the musical services of most of the Conferences since union, and the opinion of all is that United Colleges have honored themselves in honoring one so highly esteemed by all his brethren.

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### THIS INTELLIGENT GENERATION

(Continued from page 41)

*the ethical process."* Never was this task more necessary than in our own day, and it is the task to which University graduates in particular are committed if they are not to prove traitor to all that is best in our human heritage and in ourselves.

## ***Registrar's Report — "Cog" Night, 1933***

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In a survey of this kind, an attempt is made to present in a general way information regarding the student body so that a clearer understanding may be had (1) of the influences which come with the young people to our halls, and form the background of their thought and action, and (2) a clearer understanding of the scope and nature of the work the college is endeavoring to do.

Since we now have statistics covering the last decade or more, it is possible to present an idea of the growth of Wesley College. In the departments which were operating at the beginning and at the close of the decade, there is an increase of 57.87 per cent. The Collegiate department has grown 8 per cent. and the Arts and Science department 49.6 per cent.

In the total registration for the present session there is a decrease of 12 students. Last year the attendance reached the highest point recorded, viz. 710. Even though there is a slight decrease in the number of students there is a larger volume of work carried on due in the main to more of the students registered taking complete courses in the classes of Wesley College.

The student body still remains almost equally divided between men and women. At the beginning of the decade 47 per cent. of our students were women. The percentage for last session, as well as for this session, remains constant at 52.

The ancestral background and the racial cultures from which these students have come are qualifying influences in our college life. Last year the report pointed out that students were readily adopting the designation "Canadian." Ten years ago 40.7 per cent. used this to indicate their present nationality; during the present session 58 per cent. The number so designating themselves is 387. The second largest group, 90, claim England as the land of their forefathers. The next in order is the Scotch, 61 in number. The Irish comprise a group of 30 and the Ukrainian 21. There is then a decrease to 9—the Icelandic group, and 6 in the Polish.

Our students come from homes which give support to twenty-three religious denominations. The largest group of 440, or 65.9 per cent., of the student body have indicated their allegiance to the United Church. The next largest, a group of 77, owe allegiance to the Anglican Church; 45 are Hebrew, 22 Presbyterian, 13 Baptist, 11 Catholic. The Lutheran and Greek Orthodox account for 9 each.

A record is kept of the occupation of the head of the home. In a general way this would indicate the character of the home. A survey of the 138 occupations indicated would show that Wesley College represents quite a complete cross-section of the life of the Province. Homes having "managers" as heads send the largest group, numbering 53, ministers follow closely with 44, railway employees 42, merchants 37, farmers 25, lawyers 19, teachers 18, agents, clerks, doctors, engineers each have 15. Professors, print-

ers, machinists, electricians and carpenters provide 5 each. Laborers send 3.

In considering whether a particular occupation was duly represented some care would have to be exercised in deciding the relative number following that line of activity in relation to the numbers following other occupations.

In closing permit me to give a few details regarding the ages of our students. The age at which students come to our classes is also a large influence in our halls. In the whole student body, the largest group have given their age as 17. This includes 155 students. The largest group in the classes of any year is also a group of students aged 17 in the First Year of the Arts and Science course. The next largest group in the classes of any year is those aged 16, also in the First Year of the Arts and Science course. This group numbers 49. Taking, now, the student body as a whole, the second largest group is that of students 18 years of age numbering 140. The four largest groups are those of 16, 17, 18, 19 years of age having, respectively, 101, 155, 140, 96. It will therefore be seen that there is a decrease of 44 between the groups 18 and 19 years of age, respectively, and a further decrease of 43 between the groups 20 and 21, respectively. When we come to those 22 years of age we find only 13 students.

A. S. CUMMINGS, Registrar.

### *Did You Ever See—?*

Did you ever think how little we have really seen of the common things of every day life around us? For instance, did you ever see:

*A hatter cap the climax?*

*The hammer for nailing a lie?*

*Powder on the face of the waters?*

*The lock that the key to the situation fits?*

*A higher forehead than the brow of the mountain?*

*The hod that is used for carrying coals to Newcastle?*

*The ladder that would reach to the top of the morning?*

*A tailor who had the pattern to the cloak of friendship?*

*The brush that a man uses when he paints the town red?*

*The dentist who would undertake to treat the teeth of the storm?*

*A pair of boots leading around one of our professors?*

*A skirt and a pair of trousers standing in the corner of Sparling Hall vestibule at 2 a.m.?*

*The male ghost that haunts Jessie Avenue near Hugo Street?*

*The onion that didn't affect the eyes but caused heart trouble?*

*The occupants of the end table in the common room?*

*The students at a spring camp on a moonless night?*

*The student who has never skipped a lecture?*

*And, last of all, what will happen to the college after the passing of Class '33?*

## ***Treasurer's Report***

This report represents as nearly as possible the financial state of the Student Body funds at the end of May, 1933. Considering the conditions in the world of finance generally, we are in a position to congratulate ourselves on an exceptionally good report. For this, much credit is due to the heads of the various executives, who have, with one exception, kept well within their respective budgets, and to a wise overseeing central executive.

### RECEIPTS

Balance carried forward from 1931-32 ..... \$ 438.25

#### *Student Fees—*

Arts and Science .....	425 at \$11.00 .....	\$4,675.00	
Grade XII .....	85 at 6.50 .....	552.50	
Grade XI .....	27 at 5.50 .....	148.50	
Grades IX, X .....	17 at 4.00 .....	68.00	
			5,444.00

TOTAL ..... \$5,882.25

### EXPENDITURES

Athletics .....	(Budget) \$ 850.00	\$ 700.00
Debating .....	50.00	33.00
Dramatics .....	75.00	116.00
U. M. S. U. ....	1,900.00	1,900.00
Co-eds .....	75.00	75.00
Soc. and Lit. ....	1,200.00	1,200.00
Vox .....	400.00	400.00*
General .....	800.00	500.00
Matriculation Dept. ....	500.00	150.00

\* (Estimated for 3 issues).

Total estimated surplus for the year 1932-33, when all accounts are in, \$200.00; making a total of \$638.00 to be carried over to next year.

CLEVE GERRY,  
*Student Treasurer.*

## STUDENTS

We co-operate with you in  
good Shoes for Men and  
Women Students.

### Rannard - Yale

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## PORTAGE

QUICK SHOE REPAIRING

*Service while you wait*

SKATE SHARPENING  
A SPECIALTY

443 PORTAGE AVE.  
Opp. "The Bay"

## ***Dramatic Announcement!***

A CHANCE TO RIVAL J. M. BARRIE OR BERNARD SHAW

United Colleges Dramatic Executive are sponsoring a play-writing contest. This may be your opportunity to make your holiday worth while.

### CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST:

- (1) *Plays to consist of one act.*
- (2) *Scenery, costuming, characters, style, must be suitable for college production.*
- (3) *Other points to consider are—dramatic technique, plot, continuity of action, length and originality.*
- (4) *Prize awards will be given for best plays selected.*
- (5) *Contestants should be students or graduates of United Colleges.*
- (6) *Plays should be in the hands of the Secretary of College Dramatics by Friday, October 13th, 1933.*

FILL IN THE DEPRESSION PROFITABLY

# **University Books**

The University maintains the Book Department in order to supply all books required by the College students in Winnipeg

Flexible Loose Leaf Books at all prices. Our Leader is the VULCAN JUNIOR, priced at \$1.75.

Extra Refills, 20c.

## **University of Manitoba Book Department**


Two Stores:

UNIVERSITY BUILDING  
NEW ARTS BUILDING

- - -

KENNEDY ST.  
FORT GARRY

## *The United Colleges Student Council*

T has fallen to the lot of the writer to pen an article dealing with the accomplishments and failures, merits and demerits of the 1932-33 Student Council. While the honor thus bestowed is fully appreciated, the writer can scarcely resist expressing a wish that some other unfortunate had been delegated to perform the task, since he has often witnessed the sad outcome of any attempt to eulogize—or worse still, criticize—the personnel and activities of so powerful a body as our Student Council. However, the chief (a journalistic term for “editor,” so we are told), has issued his command and we must needs obey or suffer untold qualms of conscience. Since the deadline (time of going to press), is only about an hour and a half away, this article must necessarily deal but briefly with the Council and its individual members. The actual work of Council would be too large a field to outline here, so we must be content with a glance at a few of the members who make up this august body, together with brief mention of the work of their various departments. We sincerely trust that those members who do not appear to receive their due proportion of praise or criticism in the lines which follow will not take offence since the supply of “dirt” at hand was limited in some cases, and that deadline is becoming perilously near.

Philip J. Stark, as you no doubt know, filled the office of Senior Stick, thus earning the right to preside at all Council meetings and to occupy one end of the long table in the Faculty Room. We could write at great length concerning Phil’s handsome features, his fine baritone voice and his keen executive ability, but to do so would be to repeat facts which are already well known to all our readers (if any). Phil graduates this year, and while we congratulate him, we extend to the United Colleges Student Body our deepest sympathy in the loss of a man of his ability.

Jean A. Fraser, Lady Stick and President of the Co-eds, was the eternal “question-mark” of the Council. So marked was this characteristic of our “First Lady” that she invariably wore a small pin bearing a gold “question-mark” on a green background—and she wore it above her heart, too! In spite of this unexplainable habit, Jean served us faithfully and well, her cheery smile making the male councillors quite forget that the Co-ed budget was far higher than was necessary. Jean is another of our “lucky” graduates and that we shall miss her goes without saying.

Coulton Liddle, General Secretary for the past year and Senior Stick-elect for 1933-34, is worthy of many lines of praise for the work which he did, but these lines can not be inserted here. If you really want the low-down on Coult., refer to the March issue of *Vox*. We’ll be hearing plenty from him next year!

Cleve Gerry, who filled the position of General Treasurer, needs no introduction to student readers. While more easily recognized in a track suit or with a hockey stick in his hand than puzzling over the financial condition of the United Colleges Student Body,

# Student Council



**C. PUNTER**  
MANITOBA



**P. PORTER**  
JUN. CO-ED



**J. MACALISTER**  
VICE-PRES. CO-EDS



**G. LANE**  
PRES. CO-EDS



**D. MACDONALD**  
PRES. SOPH.



**W.M. SHAW**  
SOCIAL & LIT.



**P. STARK**  
SEN. STICK



**J. FRASER**  
LADY STICK



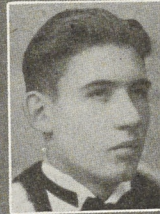
**D.R. BEAWS**  
DRAMATICS



**E. HAWKINS**  
JUN. U.M.S.U.



**PROF. KIRKCONNELL**  
FACULTY



**G.D. BOX**  
SEN. U.M.S.U.



**W.W. HARLAND**  
DEBATING



**C. LIDDLE**  
SEC. JUN. PRES.



**C. GERRY**  
TRES.



**W.G. ONIONS**  
VOX



**M. SMITH**  
S.C.M.



**J. MCKELVIE**  
PRES. FRESHMEN



**M. SPRUNG**  
SEN. PRES.



**W.I. HARLAND**  
THEOLOGY



**C. HEARN**  
PRES. ATH.

Cleve proved himself capable of handling a variety of tasks well and kept our cash in good order. Although a difficult fourth year course, coupled with an active interest in athletics and performance of the duties of Student Treasurer might seem to present a fairly difficult program for the average student, Cleve found that he still had time for other interests. At time of going to press, the affair is reported to be progressing favorably. Good luck, Cleve, we'll miss you!

Next in line comes Gilbert Box, another graduate, who represented our student body in the capacity of a senior member of the U.M.S.U. Council. Gilbert's ambition was to see the bonds between our faculty and the University student organizations materially strengthened and few can deny that he has helped us considerably towards this ambition. Gilbert, like our Treasurer, did not devote his whole time to intra-mural activities, taking a special course in nursing on the side. (Don't be mad, Boxie, we were only *kidding*!) While the editor of "The Manitoban" will no doubt heave a sigh of relief upon seeing Gilbert safely graduated, there are very few who will not sincerely regret the fact that he is leaving us.

Ted Hawkins, Junior U.M.S.U. Representative, filled his position most capably and will be back next year as Senior Rep. An indication of his ability is seen in the fact that he has been elected Secretary of the U.M.S.U. Council for the coming year.

The presidents of sub-committees, while deserving of much commendation, must go almost unrewarded, since that confounded deadline is looming large in our eyes. Allow us to say, however, that we shall never forget Bill Onions, the chief, patiently answering a seemingly endless succession of queries as to when the next issue of *Vox* was coming out; Gord. Hearn vainly trying to keep track of his championship athletic teams; Wes. Harland commenting on the Brandon debate and trying to explain why he didn't patronize *Vox* advertisers; Dave Bews, hidden under a shower of bills, lawyer's letters, etc., concerning the payment of royalties on Dramatic Society productions; Mack Shaw, enthusing over the success of the last college dance, and Murray Smith, proudly announcing the fact that the S.C.M. had established umpteen new study groups.

Our representatives on the staffs of the two U.M.S.U. publications, "The Manitoban" and "Brown and Gold," are to be complimented upon the manner in which they carried out their duties. Jerry and Don both performed their tasks well and should feel well satisfied, although we are afraid that the former did lose some sleep over his failure to have all of his contributions published.

The "Co-ed's Corner" (the one nearest the door) contained, along with the Lady Stick, Jean McAllister, the vice-president and Gwen Lane and Freda Porter, senior and junior representatives respectively. While the sound emanating from this corner was slightly more noticeable this year than it has been in the past, we are still of the opinion that a twenty-cent budget entitles them to

voice their opinions much oftener than they do and we hope to hear more from them in the future.

The class presidents, Mervyn Sprung, Coulton Liddle, Don Macdonald, and Jim MacKelvie, found their tasks to be confined mainly to class activities, and the success of those activities during the year will be some indication of the efficiency of the various class heads.

Our Collegiate representatives, Jack Jamieson and Allan Earle, are perhaps the most energetic ambassadors we have had from that department for some time. They had the interests of their classmates always at heart and should make valuable acquisitions to the Council in years to come, should they see fit to return to our halls.

The Council has been extremely fortunate in having Professor Kirkconnell as Faculty representative. This is the second year in which he has served in this capacity and during that time he has rendered invaluable assistance to the Council in its work. Quiet and unassuming, unwilling to force his opinions upon anyone, he is nevertheless always ready to give his advice—advice gained from years of experience—for the guidance of younger and less trustworthy heads.

But now, a bit of an obituary: Hartley Harland, "the grand old man" of the Council, is leaving us after goodness knows how many years of faithful and valuable service. Hart occupied the presidency of the Theological Department during the past year, but his duties of office were not heavy enough to prevent his giving a piece of advice here, a helping hand there, all of which were heartily appreciated. He has served us in numberless offices and we shall be extremely sorry to lose him through graduation, but we feel that if he renders to the world the service he has rendered to us, his life will be one replete with happiness. We think that Hart has fully merited the position of honor which has been reserved for him as the last councillor to be mentioned in this article.

There, dear readers, is a bird's-eye view of the United Colleges Student Council for 1932-33. It deserves credit for some accomplishments, blame for some failures, but, in any case, they were a good gang and they did their best!

### STUDENT COUNCIL

1932-33		1933-34
Philip J. Stark, '33	<i>Senior Stick</i>	T. Coulton Liddle, '34
Jean A. Fraser, '33	<i>Lady Stick</i>	Jean McAllister, '34
T. Coulton Liddle, '34	<i>Secretary</i>	David R. Bews, '34
Cleve C. Gerry, '33	<i>Treasurer</i>	Victor Beirnes, '34
Gilbert D. Box, '33	<i>Sr. U.M.S.U. Rep.</i>	Edward W. Hawkins, '34
Edward W. Hawkins, '34	<i>Jr. U.M.S.U. Rep.</i>	Donald R. Fidler, '35
Gwen J. Lane, '33	<i>Sr. Co-Ed. Rep.</i>	Nancy Miller, '34
Freda Porter, '35	<i>Jr. Co-Ed Rep.</i>	Islay-Ruth Black, '36
William G. Onions, '33	<i>Vox Ed.-in-Chief</i>	Thomas Saunders, '35
Gordon Hearn, '34	<i>Pres. Athletics</i>	Gordon Hearn, '34
W. Wesley Harland, T., '34	<i>Pres. Debating</i>	David R. Bews, '34
David R. Bews, '34	<i>Pres. Dramatics</i>	Lorne V. Tyndale, '36
W. Mack Shaw, '33	<i>Pres. Soc. and Lit.</i>	Donald R. Fidler, '35

(Continued on page 58)

## *United's Athletes Enjoy Successful Year*

From the very beginning of the first term to the end of the second, athletics held the spotlight of student activities. This year saw the adoption of one sport and the dropping of another—we boast of our first rugby team and lament the passing of initiation.

The college year 1932-33 saw more of our students take an active part in sports than ever before, although non-participating supporters were not numerous.

An article of this kind is bound to be dry for the present members of the student body. However, as all issues of *Vox* are bound and placed in the library, it may form a link in the recording of the accomplishments of United's teams.

The first important events were the track meets—the inter-class and the inter-faculty. The freshmen won the inter-class title, their success being largely due to the prowess of the lady members of their class. The major track meet went to the Engineers, Science coming second and United third; in the girls' competition United placed second to Arts. United should be able to build for next fall a championship co-ed track team. Genevieve Johns now holds the three sprint records for inter-faculty competition; surely a winning combination can be built around this young lady with such material at hand as Frances Argyle, Lillian Coe, Dorothy Yates and Sally Laidlaw. The men's track team will lose Cleve Gerry with high jump and pole vault records and three individual championships, and Mervyn Sprung, well known middle-distance man. Bill Sangster is United's big hope (no, not hop) but it is very doubtful if he along with Best and Leveille can fill the shoes of Gerry and Sprung.

The Engineers were full value for their win in the football league. However, our team was a very light one and played all their games in rain or at least on muddy fields; they were thus at a constant disadvantage. Tommy Saunders is the new coach and he is faced with the problem of rebuilding United's reputation for championship football teams. Of last year's squad Harland and Gerry alone will not be available and so Tommy has a good start there and should accomplish his task in at least two seasons. Hart Harland took the team over under quite similar conditions and brought the shield back on his first try. Our junior footballers took second place in the league.

Curling, under the guiding hand of Bert Love, again went over in a big way. There are more students take part in this Saturday morning "spree" than in any other branch of sport.

All praise to the first supporters and promoters of the idea of inter-faculty rugby. In future years it will undoubtedly become one of the major activities. Possibly the Student Council may be induced to spend a little more money on it. This seems one of the methods of bringing the University to a position where it can once more field a senior rugby team that can hold its own. Many pros-

## Athletic Council



Third Row—R. McDougall, J. St. Mars, H. Harland, J. Scott, K. Cadwell, J. Benson, R. Love, J. Hunter.

Second Row—T. Saunders, N. Miller, B. Swyers, G. Hearn (Pres.), I. Broad, E. Hawkins.

First Row—M. Cochran, G. Johns, R. McLean, M. McKim, M. Mayne.

Insert—Prof. O. T. Anderson.

## Curling



Back Row—A. Dyker, G. Wallace.

Front Row—D. Macdonald, B. Sangster.



Back Row—C. Offen, F. Wylie.

Front Row—E. Boughton, J. Hunter.

pective players come from districts where the gentle art of rugby is unknown. Inter-faculty rugby gives them the chance to learn. In the future many good players may come to light in this way whose ability would otherwise be latent.

At this point it may be of general interest to explain another argument in favor of compulsory fees. As I understand it, there is a clause in the rules governing the rights of a man to play for certain amateur teams in Canada, to the effect that a man belonging to a students' organization in a University must play for the University team, if one exists. Now, as we all know, in Manitoba many of our star athletes in both hockey and rugby play for other teams. They do not pay their student fees and hence are not members of the organization and may play for the team making the most lucrative offer. With compulsory student fees this option would not exist and we would be in a position to utilize the ability of all enrolled in University or affiliated colleges.

Well, to get back to local athletics. The senior hockey team was really good, in fact just a little too good for the Meds, and so we retained the senior crown. The juniors fought hard but didn't make the play-offs. The senior title should be retained next season. Gerry and Shaw, it is true, will not be back, but there is abundant material in the junior ranks without even considering the incoming freshman class.

The crowning achievement of the year was that United at last produced a winning basketball team! Much credit is due Tommy Saunders, manager, and Mervyn Sprung, coach. None of the team graduate this spring and so should be stronger than ever next winter. Martyn Best has been chosen as manager.

It is hard to see how the program of athletics may be widened to any greater extent. However, there is one direction which may be investigated. How about swimming competitions? University teams have, during the past two years, been entered in city competitions in this branch. How about inter-class swimming meets and maybe inter-faculty swimming meets? We have many swimmers of no mean ability. Why not organize them?

Vox congratulates our championship teams, and all athletes who made places on the teams. Those who did not, have next year to which to look forward.

G.D.B., '33.

(Continued from page 55)

A. Murray Smith, '35	Pres. S.C.M.	A. Murray Smith, '35
Jean McAllister, '34	Vice-Pres. Co-eds	Freda Porter, '35
Gerald B. Punter, '33	"Manitoban"	James Marsh, '35
Donald B. MacDonald, '35	"Brown and Gold"	Donald B. MacDonald, '35
G. Mervyn C. Sprung, '33	Pres. Seniors	Gordon Hearn, '34
T. Coulton Liddle, '34	Pres. Juniors	Neil Morrison, '35
Donald B. MacDonald, '35	Pres. Sophomores	George Thurston, '36
James MacKelvie, '36	Pres. Freshmen	
Hartley J. Harland, T., '33	Pres. Theology	} To be appointed in the Fall.
Jack Jamieson	Pres. Grade XII	
Allan Earle	Pres. Grade XI	
Prof. W. Kirkconnell	Faculty Rep.	

## *Senior Hockey (Champions)*



Second Row—J. Benson, E. Musgrove, G. Gilbert, J. Walley.  
First Row—A. Cunningham, M. Shaw, J. Coulson, C. Gerry, R. Rutherford.

## *Junior Hockey*



Second Row—J. Walley, G. Steele, J. Sword, H. Allen, R. Ransby, C. Gerry.  
First Row—W. Farley, B. Swyers, H. Horne, W. Stevenson, M. McIntyre.

## *Men's Basketball (Champions)*



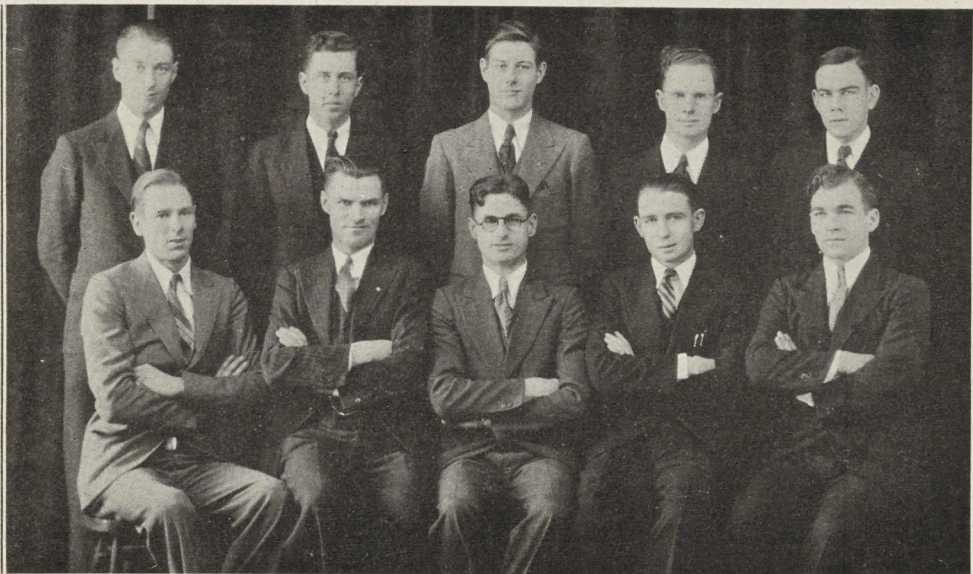
Second Row—D. O'Brien, W. Weekes, J. McFetridge, G. Fryer.  
First Row—M. Best, D. Elliott, D. Young, T. Saunders.

## *Co-Ed Basketball*



Second Row—G. Henderson, E. Elson, E. McClung, K. Cadwell, E. Termuende, F. Shears.  
First Row—M. Setter, B. Carpenter, M. Sprung, N. Miller, M. McKim.

## *Senior Soccer*



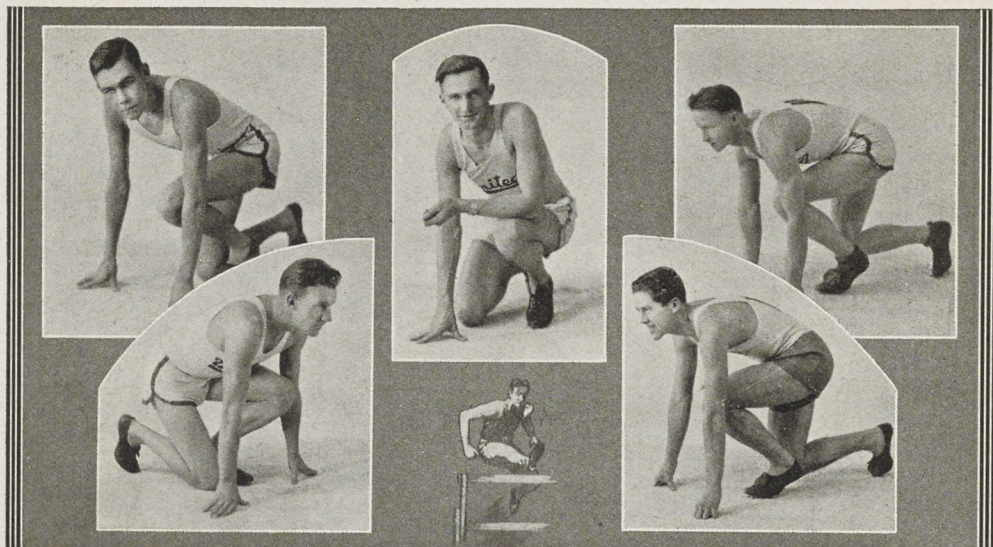
Second Row—E. Cummings, D. O'Brien, H. Duckworth, E. Hawkins, M. Best.  
First Row—A. Curtis, H. Harland, J. Booth, T. Saunders, J. Baskerville.

## *Junior Soccer*



Second Row—K. Meadow, F. Hunisett, K. Potter, W. Neil, W. Sangster, M. Best.  
First Row—G. Fryer, A. Cunningham, M. Shaw, B. Swyers, G. P. Crombie.

## Men's Track



Second Row—M. Best, C. Gerry, W. Sangster.  
First Row—O. Anderson, E. Leveille

## Co-Ed Track



Second Row—J. Hunter, E. McClung, F. Argyle, I. Broad.  
First Row—I. Lowe, L. Coe, G. Johns, D. Yates, S. Laidlaw.

## Co-Ed Hockey



Second Row—S. Anderson, H. Bowman, B. Swyers, F. Shears, I. Broad.  
First Row—B. Gabel, M. Cochran, M. Setter, L. Geddes, L. Coo.

## Rugby



Third Row—K. Porter, J. St. Mars, M. Shaw, E. Musgrove, J. MacKay, J. Mitchell, H. Duckworth.  
Second Row—R. Paris, W. Iverson, R. McLean (Mgr.), G. Hearn (Pres.), W. Weekes (Capt.),  
B. Swyers, O. Anderson.  
First Row—G. Leckie, T. Leighton, W. Leitch.

## *Co-Ed Athletics*

In spite (I use the word advisedly) of the support (?) from the sidelines, the United Colleges Co-ed athletes have completed a successful year of activities, with three interfaculty seconds and one third place.

The interfaculty track meet saw United finish a close second to Arts. Special mention and congratulations are extended to one of our Red-and-White girls, Genevieve Johns, who now holds three records. In addition, encouraging material from the freshettes has been unearthed during the year, which augurs well for the future.

The basketball team maintained a neat balance throughout the season, consistently winning over two teams and losing to two teams. Much credit is due to Manager Beth Carpenter and Captain Nancy Miller for the handling of the team during the unfortunate absence of our efficient coach, Mervyn Sprung, at the commencement of the season.

The girls' curling team acquitted themselves splendidly, finishing in second place in interfaculty competition, after apparently having the title cinched. The team was composed of Florence Wylie (lead), Connie Offen (second), Elizabeth Boughton (third), and Jean Hunter (skip).

Like the curling team, the Co-ed hockey girls were near champions. Under the able captainship of Marge Cochran the team not only reached the finals, but seemed inclined for a lengthy period, to remain in the finals indefinitely. However, after the painful experience of three overtimes without a score, in the first final game, each team appeared almost anxious to hand over the championship to the other. The teams having gone through the stages of skating on ice and wading through water, it was feared the eventual outcome would be decided crawling through mud. Our girls finally decided they wanted to eat, so Science won the championship.

P.S.—Tubby was goal ump!

M.I.S., '35.

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WINNIPEG

## *Social and Literary*

Thanks to the keen support and fine spirit of the student body and faculty, together with the cool but efficient manner in which the retiring president carried out his duties, the seven varied Social and Literary activities of the past college year have been an unquestionable success.

At the commencement of the Fall term the Freshmen were welcomed into Wesley fellowship, first through the "Freshmen's Reception," when Senior and Lady Sticks gave appropriate addresses, and again at the "Freshmen's Frolic," held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Royal Alexandra Hotel. Here, to the musical strains of Frank Wright's Orchestra, it was plain to be seen that our newcomers, who had taken the afternoon initiation ceremonies in such fine spirit, were to be a lively and welcome addition to our college life.

The "New Year's Dance," held early in January, at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, proved a very popular affair. Following the dance a great number of the students adjourned to Brathwaite's Tea Room, where a specially prepared Wesley College menu was served.

Our Skating Party was well attended. Following fun on the ice, refreshments were served in the College. Gordon Hearn led a sing-song in his own peppy way, and College and class yells were given.

Class spirit again ran high on Stunt Nite, held under the direction of Soc. and Lit., in the latter part of February. After an evening of opera, mystery and comedy, the cup for the best original stunt was awarded to Class '33 with Classes '34 and '36 taking second and third places respectively.

The "Senior Dinner and Dance," held this year at the Fort Garry Hotel, may well be said to have been the largest and best of its kind the College has ever had. With an attendance of well over 550, it was necessary that the affair be divided into two sections—The Seniors (2nd, 3rd, and 4th years) dining and dancing in the 7th floor Dining Hall and Ballroom, and the Juniors (matriculation and 1st year) dining in the Jade and Macdonald Rooms and dancing in the Main Dining Room on the main floor. In both cases the dining rooms were decorated in the College colors, while the ball rooms were effectively decorated in honor of St. Patrick. Following the dinner, programs including toasts and musical numbers of high order were well received. During the dance intermissions the Co-eds' Chorus offered novelty features.

To wind up the season, the largest class of graduates ever to leave United Colleges were duly honored by the students and faculty at the "Grad's Farewell." Brock King gave the Valedictory Address and Professor O. T. Anderson bid Class '33 a sincere farewell. The large number of awards presented were ample testimony to this being an exceptionally successful year. Dr. Riddell occupied the chair.

Financially, too, this year's activities have been exceedingly

successful, largely due to the untiring efforts of the president and his executive. In serving the College and its Social interests in the best way, they have certainly set a high mark for the incoming executive to aim at.

### SOCIAL AND LITERARY COMMITTEE (OLD AND NEW)

1932-33		1933-34
Prof. W. Kirkconnell	Hon. President	Prof. W. Kirkconnell
Mack. Shaw	President	Don R. Fidler
Velma Kelly	Vice-President	Florence Wylie
Florence Wylie	Secretary	J. Walter Sparling
Muriel Davidson	'33 Seniors '34	Edmee Termuende
Archie Greenaway		Ross McLean
Edmee Termuende	'34 Juniors '35	A. M. Smith
J. Walter Sparling		Velma Kelly
Velma Kelly	'35 Sophs. '36	Dorothy Yates
Don R. Fidler		James MacKelvie
Margot Skelton	'36 Freshmen '37	To be elected at opening of Fall Term.
James MacKelvie		
Mary Watson	Grade XII	
John Gibson	Grade XI	
Elizabeth Black		
Harry Everett		
		D.R.F., '35.

D.R.F., '35.

## Vox

With this, the final issue of *Vox*, we come to the end of another year of student activity in United Colleges. We present our Graduation Number for your approval. That the year has been one of achievement in the annals of our *Alma Mater* goes without saying, and some part of this achievement may be seen reflected in *Vox*. The increase in the numbers of students has made for a wider circulation, while a corresponding increase in new contributors may also be noted. In the realm of advertising, our Business Manager has excelled the previous record of last year and, all in all, a satisfactory advance has been made all round.

To our genial chief, Wm. G. "Bill" Onions, and to our Business Manager, Ray Loree, goes the bulk of the credit for the success of *Vox* this year. Next year Tommy Saunders will be in charge of the publication, and with an efficient staff to work with, there is every indication that the present progress will be maintained. We take great pleasure in presenting the *Vox* staff for 1933-34:

Honorary Editor	Dr. A. R. M. Lower
Editor-in-Chief	T. Saunders, '35
Associate Editors	{ T. A. Payne, Theo. { Margaret McKim, '34 { Neil M. Morrison, '35 { Frances Riddell, '36
Athletic Editors	
Bulletin Editors	
Religious Editor	Frank D. Pickersgill, '35
Alumni Editor	{ Frances Weekes, '36 { Frank McLean, Theo. Mr. Alfred D. Longman, B.A., '24

(Continued on page 74)

## *Social and Literary*



Third Row—A. Greenaway, W. Sparling, E. Musgrove, D. Fidler, J. Gibson.  
 Second Row—M. Davidson, M. Skelton, M. Shaw (Pres.), Prof. W. Kirkconnell, V. Kelly, F. Wylie.  
 First Row—M. Watson, E. Termuende.

## *Vox*



Second Row—T. Saunders, D. Wilkie, D. Bews, C. Offen.  
 First Row—E. Bingeman, A. D. Longman, W. G. Onions (Editor), Dr. G. B. King, M. McKim.

## *United Colleges Dramatic Society, 1932-33*

It would appear to be customary, when penning a resumé of the year's activities in any given division of our extra-curricular interests, to proclaim to the heavens that the year just concluded was one of unparalleled success so far as the activity in question is concerned. The writer, horrified at the thought of commencing his article with so time-honored a proclamation and thus exposing himself to a charge of plagiarism in the first degree, has cast about for other expressions which might approximate the original in meaning though not in popularity. Alas, he is finally forced to the conclusion that the work of the United Colleges Dramatic Society during the past year can scarcely be better characterized than by use of the word "success." Being a modest soul, he shrinks from coupling with this term the word "unparalleled," but he does not hesitate to leave such an impression upon your minds.

The activities of the Dramatic Society for last year commenced modestly enough with the usual production of a one-act play at M.A.C. in November. This presentation, "The Valiant" was capably produced by Miss Kathleen Parker and served as a splendid opening to the term's work.

The success of the spring term was the more marked since United was creditably represented in the three-act production of the University Dramatic Society, Oscar Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest," by Islay Black and Ed. Leveille, new-comers to our halls this year.

Our own "Dramatic Night," presented in March, simply made the success of our year's work all the more apparent. The old order changed (as is its custom) and the whole presentation was placed upon what might be termed an experimental basis. Instead of hiring a producer for each play presented, it was decided to procure the services of a single producer (incidentally saving money) and to appoint students to work with that producer in the presentation of each play. Under the supervision of Mr. L. A. McMillan, three students enthusiastically undertook the work of direction, and as a result a really remarkable program consisting of "Enter the Hero," "The Bathroom Door," and "The Goal," was presented. We trust that the success of the experiment was such as to insure its continuance and we look forward to the day when the United Colleges will be dramatically self-sufficing.

In its relations with the University Dramatic Society, the local body may look back upon a year crowded with success. Our representation in the University major production has already been mentioned. The new active membership of the U.M.D.S. was composed largely of students from the United Colleges. It is to be expected that during the coming year the relationship between the two bodies may be further cemented.

On the whole, the Dramatic Society's activities have been quite satisfactory (we almost said "successful" again) to most of those

## *Dramatics*



Third Row—L. Tyndale, M. Laidlaw, W. Landreth, M. Smith, D. Davies, A. Wells.  
 Second Row—I. Black, G. Lane, D. Bew's (Pres.), Prof. A. L. Phelps, M. Davidson, F. Sweeney.  
 First Row—N. Lush, A. McCormic, J. DeYong.

## *Co-Ed Executive*



Second Row—B. Carpenter, E. Termuende, F. Porter, C. Offen, M. Cochran, J. McAllister.  
 First Row—G. Lane, Mrs. G. B. King, J. Fraser (Lady Stick), H. Moffitt.

concerned. Many difficulties were met. Some were surmounted, while others were circumvented. We think that the new executive, in which we can confidently place our trust, will find some little advantage in the work which we have done and the experiments which we have made.

How better could this article be completed than by a short dramatic sketch?

*Scene—A United Colleges Student Council meeting.  
Anytime.*

*(As the scene opens, the president of Dramatic Society is "on the spot").*

*Dramatis personae:*

Senior Stick

Treasurer

G.D.B.

President of Dramatics.

Mr. Stick—*Can't you get plays without royalties?*

Treasurer—*When do you expect that cheque from the U.M.S.U.?*

G.D.B.—*Can't you put these plays on free of charge?*

Mr. Stick—*Why didn't last year's executive pay its own royalties?*

Treasurer—*Do you realize that you are exceeding your budget?*

*(The President of Dramatics gasps and sinks slowly into a chair as the curtain falls).*

## DRAMATIC EXECUTIVES

1932-33

1933-34

Prof. A. L. Phelps .....	Hon. Pres. ....	Prof. A. L. Phelps
David R. Bews, '34 .....	President .....	Lorne V. Tyndale, '36
Muriel Davidson, '33 .....	Vice-Pres. ....	Florence Sweeney, '34
Gwen J. Lane, '33 .....	Secretary .....	Ann McCormick, '35
Wallace J. Landreth, '33 .....	Bus. Mgr. ....	Ross MacLean, '34
Wm. G. Onions, '33 .....	Seniors .....	Artemus Brown, '34
E. Nadine Lush, '33 .....		Ruth Lowery, '34
Austin Wells, '34 .....	Juniors .....	Bert Briggs, '35
Florence Sweeney, '34 .....		Martha Setter, '35
A. Murray Smith, '35 .....	Sophomores .....	Murray Roberts, '36
Ann McCormick, '35 .....		Frances Weekes, '36
Lorne V. Tyndale, '36 .....	Freshmen .....	To be appointed
Islay-Ruth Black, '36 .....		
Wm. Shaver .....	Theology .....	To be appointed
D. Davies .....	Grade XII .....	To be appointed
Margaret Laidlaw .....		
J. Carberry .....	Grade XI .....	To be appointed
J. de Young .....		

D.R.B.

**S.C.M.**

This past year has proven to be a very interesting and successful one for the Student Christian Movement at United. Assisted by the annual reception, the study groups quickly got under way and grew in numbers and influence throughout the year.

To those who estimate the strength of a movement by its numerical strength, we would say that our membership approximated one hundred and twenty, and that this body of students was divided into ten study groups.

Numbers, however, mean very little and the only true way to measure our strength is by the definite influence of the S.C.M. among the students. To secure a lasting influence the Wesley S.C.M. is working under a sort of four-year plan. To this end we have the students in First Year studying the life of Christ. In Second Year this study is continued and certain modern applications of the implications of Christianity discussed. The senior section spends two years studying and discussing the modern social, economic and religious problems in the light of Christian teachings.

The Chapel Committee under Geo. Marshall and Una Knipe took charge of our Tuesday morning chapels and gave us some remarkably fine services. We would like especially to thank this committee for its work.

Outside of this routine work there was a number of other functions which need only be mentioned—house groups, sing songs, hikes—especially the University hike out at Aggie, forums, university meets. Then, best of all, was spring camp at Robertson House, Gimli.

**OLD AND NEW EXECUTIVES**

1932-33		1933-34
Dr. L. W. Moffit	<i>Hon. President</i>	Dr. G. B. King
A. Murray Smith	<i>President</i>	A. Murray Smith
Constance Offen	<i>Vice-President</i>	Sylvia Price
Elizabeth R. Boughton	<i>Secretary</i>	Rietta MacRostie
Alex. Calder	<i>Treasurer</i>	Artemus R. Brown
Geo. M. F. Marshall	<i>Chapel Committee</i>	{Geo. M. F. Marshall
Una M. Knipe		{Una M. Knipe
Margaret G. McKim	<i>Meetings Committee</i>	No appointments made
A. R. Gordon Hearn		
T. A. Payne	<i>Groups Committee</i>	{Brock C. King
F. Janet Walker		{Elizabeth Boughton
No appointments made	<i>Class Reps.</i>	{Clarence Briggs
		{Frances Riddell

—A.M.S.

## *Debating*



Third Row—M. Best, O. Anderson, D. Wilkie, G. Punter, N. Morrison.  
 Second Row—K. Richardson, H. Morton, W. Harland (Pres.), Prof. C. Kierstead, M. McKim,  
 J. McAllister.  
 First Row—M. Lawson, E. Barbour.

## *S. C. M.*



Second Row—T. Payne, J. Walker, N. Morrison, C. Offen, G. Hearn, M. McKim.  
 First Row—E. Boughton Dr. L. W. Moffit, A. M. Smith (Pres.), U. Knipe.

## *United Colleges Debates, 1932-33*

Debating in the United Colleges during the past season has been most successful. Active inter-class competition has continued down through both terms, the standard of United Colleges has been maintained, and a large number of the students have availed themselves of the opportunity to hear current topics discussed. The finalists in the Senior and Junior divisions, respectively, were Class '34 and Class '36, and Class '34, the present holders of the Debating Cup, earned the right to hold it for another year.

One of the successful undertakings of the Debating Society was the holding of an impromptu speaking contest. Each "Year" was represented by two speakers, these speakers were handed the subject they were to talk on five minutes before they were to speak, and were allowed to speak for five minutes. This contest was won by Theology.

The high-light of the season's activities was the debate with Brandon College, held early in March. Bert Love and Hartley Harland of Theology represented the Colleges at Brandon, and William Onions and Mervyn Sprung of '33 were the home debaters. The debate was on a timely subject, "*Resolved, that the League of Nations should institute an Economic Blockade against Japan.*" The United Colleges lost to Brandon at both places.

Tribute should be paid to the Debating Executive under President Wesley Harland for its successful work in handling debating activities in the College. Below are listed the debates of the past season.

### SENIOR DIVISION

1. Third vs. Fourth—D. R. Bews, Jean McAllister vs. W. G. Onions, W. W. Buchanan. "*Resolved that Germany is justified in her attitude to Disarmament.*"
2. Theo. vs. Fourth—B. C. King, Connie Frazer vs. R. J. Love, T. A. Payne. "*Resolved that Party Government has outlived its Day.*"
3. Third vs. Fourth—G. M. Marshall, Gwen Henderson vs. G. B. Punter, A. Dyker. "*Resolved that this House approves of the Oxford Group Movement.*"
4. Theo. vs. Third—W. W. Harland, Phyllis Crossby vs. G. Hearn, Margaret McKim. "*Resolved that Canada should Trade with Russia.*"
5. Third vs. Theo.—Art Brown, Stan. Henderson vs. H. J. Harland, Lyla James. "*Resolved that Tariffs are Detrimental to World Trade.*"

### JUNIOR DIVISION

1. First vs. Second—Islay Black, Clarence Briggs vs. Neil Morrison, Margaret Lawson. "*Resolved that the Depression is Death Knell of Capitalist System.*"

2. Second vs. Grade XII—Norris White, Harry Duckworth vs. F. Stokes, K. Jackson. *"Resolved that the Practice of Medicine should be Socialized."*
3. Matrics vs. Second—Harry Cawthorne, Allison Hay vs. Jim Marsh, Helen Matheson. *"Resolved that Maids like Moths are ever caught by Glare."*
4. First vs. Matrics—Clayton McGibbon, Isabel Lowe vs. J. Carberry, Kay Reeves. *"Resolved that a Miser is More Detrimental to Society than the Spendthrift."*
5. First vs. Grade XII—Frances Riddell, Tubby Leighton vs. E. Barber, Marg. Laidlaw. *"Resolved that Modern Youth is Spineless."*
6. Grade XII vs. Matrics—M. Gustafson, F. Stokes vs. H. Cawthorne, Allan Earle. *"Resolved that the League of Nations should have an Armed Force."*

#### JUNIOR DIVISION FINALS

First Year vs. Matrics—Frances Weekes, Frances Riddell vs. Harry Cawthorne, Marion Earle. *"Resolved that the Scientist has done More for Civilization than the Explorer."*

#### FINAL DEBATE

First vs. Third—George Thurston, Islay Black vs. Dave Bews, Geo. M. Marshall. *"Resolved that this House favors the Amalgamation of the Canadian Railway Systems under the C.P.R."*

G.M.M.

#### VOX

(Continued from page 66)

Exchange and Reviews .....	Gwen Henderson, '34
Literary Editor .....	Betty Hay, '35
Business Manager .....	James Marsh, '35
Class Representatives .....	{ Stan Henderson, '34
	{ James Marsh, '35
	{ Elizabeth R. Bingeman, '36

Walley: "What did prehistoric monsters look like?"

Gerry: "I don't remember. Ask Shaw."

First Co-ed: "I wonder why it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man?"

Second Co-ed: "Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."

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## *Come, Sweet Stranger, Your Lips Once More*

---

**Y**OU ask me why we two kiss,  
 Knowing we do not mean it.  
 And I ask you, what do you mean  
 By, "knowing we do not mean it"?  
 You think that only lips, and hands,  
 And hair, and your soft bosom close  
 Pressed to me, are all that our embrace entails?  
 Ah, far more than that, Sweet Stranger,  
 When we two kiss!

Deep within our beings there  
 Races a flood that, unsoothed, unchecked,  
 Uncontrolled, must dash the finite  
 Fragile vessels of our souls upon the  
 Cruel rocks of infinite passion—or, unheeded,  
 Must in time recede and leave them,  
 Forlorn and barren, on the arid sands  
 Of frustration.

Do not say that in our kissing  
 We do not mean it. I from your  
 Lips, and you from mine, drink  
 Deeply of that mysterious potion, which,  
 Mingled with the flood within our beings,  
 First soothes, then checks, then controls it—  
 And so causes it to bear us on to greater,  
 Truer, nobler things.

*Come, Sweet Stranger, your lips once more!*

—C. C., '33

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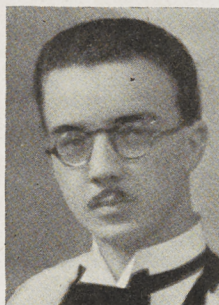
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## Wm. G. Onions, B.A.



On the twentieth of May the marriage of Kathleen Cammell to William G. Onions took place in St. Margaret's Church, Winnipeg. Canon Herklots, deep friend of Mr. Onions, performed the ceremony, assisted by Dr. F. Glover of St. Margaret's. The wedding was witnessed by numerous college friends of Bill's, as well as many others. Following the nuptials Mrs. Cammell received the guests at a reception for the couple at her home on Dundurn Place. The party then repaired to the Canadian Pacific station to wish *bon voyage*

to the bride and groom on their trip East; and as such things happen, the train pulled out without mishap, although the two nearly fell off the observation platform. Ah me! Ah me!

Mr. and Mrs. Onions sailed for England from Montreal on the 24th of May. Arriving there, they are setting forth on a walking tour of England and Scotland, visiting divers aunts and people along the way. Bill would like to work in a Summer School Course at the London School of Economics as well, but this is not certain. By autumn they will find themselves stationed in Edinburgh, where Bill will take his Theology. At its conclusion, two years hence, he intends returning to Canada and Manitoba, entering the ministry of Christianizing this pagan principality. Despite Bill's actual occupation, however, we suspect that he will never entirely lose certain communistic notions of his.

The Onion (as he is affectionately called by his privileged friends) defies eulogy. In his four years at Wesley he has done much more in his careful, planned (?) fashion than most of us imagine. Bill has been popular, but only through others ascending to his level. Bill is a student, but he's dashed clever in the way in which he conceals the fact. Bill is several other things as well; but for our purposes at this time—he's married and off to England.

Vox wishes its Editor-in-Chief and his fair bride a full meed of English subdued success. Bill has great possibilities, and the Almighty knows this poor world hungers for such men!

B.C.K., '33.



## ALUMNI ALUMNAEQUE



To the approximately three score and ten members of the 1933 graduating class in Arts and Science and to nearly a dozen Theology graduates and deaconesses, the graduates of other years extend their sincere congratulations and good wishes and cordially welcome this the largest single addition to the ever-widening circle of our graduate community.

\* \* \*

Premier J. T. M. Anderson, '11, of Saskatchewan, on April 19, while en route to Eastern Canada, paid a visit to the Manitoba Legislature.

\* \* \*

H. D. Clement, Senior Stick of 1924, (LL.B., '32), has spent several months in the Eastern United States. Among points visited were Miami, Washington, and New York. He reports having seen Bluebird II at Dayton Beach just prior to Sir Malcolm Campbell's record-breaking run.

\* \* \*

At a meeting of Wesley College alumni, held at the college on the evening of April 17th, the following persons were nominated as candidates for election to the new Board of Governors of the University of Manitoba: A. H. Andrews, '10; Mrs. W. J. Lindal, '16; Ewart H. Morgan, '20. Of the new Board of fourteen members three are to be elected by graduates of the University.

\* \* \*

Ruth B. Armstrong, '31, who is Assistant Principal in the High School at Glenboro, Man., spent her Easter vacation at her home in the city.

\* \* \*

Vox extends to Warner P. Bickle, '23, its deepest sympathy in the loss of his mother, who died at her home in Portage la Prairie, on March 22nd, after a short illness.

\* \* \*

A wedding of interest to United Colleges was solemnized at the Church of All Nations, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon, February 5th, when Dagny Marie Enger became the bride of Rev. Carl Wilfred Anderson, the minister of that church. Mr. Anderson graduated in Theology from United Colleges a year ago. Vox wishes to convey its congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple.

\* \* \*

On Saturday, April 29, at the home of Mrs. F. D. Barager, 738 McMillan Ave., a re-union of available women members of the 1917 class was held. Six out of the ten members were present. These were: Miss G. F. Huntley, Miss Mildred B. McMurray, Miss Flor-

ence A. McNair, Mrs. F. D. Barager (E. A. Robertson), Mrs. E. H. Morgan (O. M. Sweitzer), and Mrs. C. N. Halstead (J. Thexton).

\* \* \*

At the fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, held in the Royal Alexandra Hotel on March 31, Wesley McCurdy, '00, was elected President for the ensuing year. Mr. McCurdy is Business Manager for the Winnipeg Tribune.

\* \* \*

The many friends of Vera Patrick regret to hear of her illness and hope for a rapid recovery.

\* \* \*

The Alumnae Association held its annual Easter-week luncheon in the Hudson's Bay dining hall on April 21. A considerable number of out-of-town graduates were in attendance.

\* \* \*

Vox wishes to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. H. Victor Copley, 332 Oak St., on the birth of a daughter. Patricia Maureen Joyce, weighing nine pounds, was born in the Winnipeg General Hospital on April 17. Mrs. Copley was formerly Blanche Crosby of the 1924 class.

\* \* \*

William Ivens, '06, M.L.A., became suddenly ill early in the present session and for the past two months has been confined to the St. Boniface Hospital. Vox wishes him an early recovery.

\* \* \*

Many graduates and other friends of United Colleges have expressed satisfaction on the action of the Senate of Wesley College in conferring upon Rev. John E. Lane, '00, of Birtle, Man., the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and on the action of the Senate of Manitoba College in conferring the same honor on Rev. R. H. Lowry, of Gladstone, Man., who is a graduate in Theology of that College.

\* \* \*

Dr. E. L. Moyer and Mrs. Moyer (Dorothea C. Peter, '24) have recently moved from Winnipeg to Moose Jaw, Sask., where they will make their home and where Dr. Moyer will engage in the practice of his profession.

\* \* \*

A year ago we gave an account of the very successful premiere presentation at the Little Theatre of "Among the Maples," a three-act play written by Lillian Beynon (Mrs. A. V. Thomas), who is a graduate in Arts of Wesley College. Again we are very happy to announce the very fine reception given to the one-act play, "The Spite Fence," written by Mrs. Thomas. After several showings in Winnipeg, it was chosen as one of the two Winnipeg productions to compete in the Dominion Drama Festival held recently in Ottawa. Rupert Harvey, the well known and very competent English dramatic critic, who acted as adjudicator at the festival, commended very highly the merit of the play and the excellence of its produc-

tion. Eighteen plays in English and six in French were presented. In Toronto, on May 1st, a bill consisting of three of the festival entries was presented. It consisted of "The Man Born to Be Hanged," winner of first prize in the competition and produced by Winston McQuillan of Winnipeg; "Twelfth Night," the Hart House entry, and Mrs. Thomas' "The Spite Fence." Further high honors came to Winnipeg when on the evening of May 5th the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission presented from Toronto, over a national network, the two Winnipeg one-act plays.

\* \* \*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Anne Elizabeth Neave was born in the Winnipeg General hospital on May 9th, 1933. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Neave. Mr. Neave is a Professor of Zoology in the University of Manitoba, and Mrs. Neave was formerly Marjorie Davis, Lady Stick of Wesley College in 1922.

Mr. Betts (demonstrating chemistry experiment) — "Now follow me closely in case this explodes."

Child (innocently): "Mother, how did Dad become a professor?"

Mother: "So you have begun to wonder too, have you?"

Miss Pettingill (after roll call): "I see there are ten people here who are absent."

Dumb: "What's a child born at sea?"

Belle: "I dunno. Maybe a gull or a buoy, perhaps."

Arden Suitor: "Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

Irate Father: "Young man, go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter."

#### THINGS WE NEVER SEE:

Dr. Elliott—asking the class if it follows him somewhere or other.

Miss Pettingill — calling the roll before a lecture starts.

Mr. Owen—quoting at great length.

Murray Smith—talking to a girl in the hallway.

Jack Murray—as a volleyball player.

Professor Phels — wearing a pompadour.

Dr. Lower—late for a lecturer.

Brock King—at the U.S.S.R.

The Editor—able to tell when Vox will be out.

Tubby Leighton—as a goal umpire.

Hart Harland—any more.

"Christian Fleas in Search of Celestial City"—title of map showing Christian's progress in search of the City of God (by a freshman).

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